The Saturday Evening Post.

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AT SUNSET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I sit at my cottage window
  In the light of the sun's last rays—
And the hilltops glow with splendor,
  And the west is all ablaze.
My room is flooded with glory,
  My soul with a wild delight,
And my heart is filled with poems
  That I cannot speak or write.

All darker, and deeper, and grander
  The glory flameth high,
And I trace the walls of a city
  In that beautiful western sky.
A city all gold and crimson,
  All purple and amber red,
And the streets are paved with crystal
  Where the feet of angels tread.

Oh soulless pen and pencil,
  Your efforts are weak and vain,
The pen of the poet falters,
  And his heart is full of pain.
And the artist drops his pencil,
  And weeps in mute despair,
For he cannot paint the glory
  That lies in the sunset there.

But the city fadeth, fadeth—
  The crimson turns to gray,
The golden lights are dying,
  And the splendor melts away.
And I know it was only the shadow
  Of the city built on high,
Only the poor pale shadow,
  That I saw in the sunset sky.

And I long for that other city,
  The city that God hath made.
Where the glory never paleth
  And the splendors never fade.
Oh, there at the feet of Jesus,
  In anthems of praise I know,
My soul shall utter the poems
  That fill it to overflow.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

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I.

WHAT THE SEA BROUGHT ME.

[*Written of Persephone, the child.*]

It was my tenth birthday. I was standing before a triangular bit of broken mirror, combing my hair. The mirror showed me only the yellow waves which curved around my forehead. I had to look down to see where it hung far below my knees, thick and shining.

I loved my hair, as I loved all beautiful things. I used to kiss and caress it, and fold it all up in a soft pillow for my childish cheek. It was a pleasure to me to smooth it down with my small, rough hands, until it shone like satin, to braid it in a crown around my head, or, as now, to shake it loose upon my shoulders, all rippling, like the sea upon the yellow sands, and bind it with a coronal of shells. Then I would dance upon the smooth, white beach, fancying that some rough Triton blew a rude accompaniment upon his shell, and that, far below the restless waves, which sparkled, sparkled, as far as I could see, the mermen and maids were watching me, and only restrained from joining in the dance by the unfortunate formation of their lower members.

I kneeled down to look from the small window, which was on a level with the floor. A gust came in like an angry hand, and wrenched my lengths of hair through the window, blew them across my face, and then passed by with a shrill and scornful hiss. The sea and sky stretched blue before me, but 'twas a pale and livid blue, and far away on the horizon a cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," but black and wrathful, hung, like a pirate's flag—while a low, sullen moan sounded through the air—the wail of a coming storm. I knew the sound, and hailed it with delight. The old sea-gods were about to do each other battle. I should see Neptune driving his sea-horses, spouting foam, and Nereus, and Oceanus, and perhaps some of the weed-crowned river-gods would be there, and Arion, to soothe the angry uproar with some propitious air upon his lute, and the white arms of the Nereids, tossing like foam above the billowy commotion, would crown the victors, or implore pardon for the vanquished. With these thoughts in my head I dashed down the narrow, crazy stairs, heedless of the shrill voice of my mother, or the clamor of the children when they caught sight of my flying figure, bounded over a broken spar which had been set up to keep the house-door open, ran against Bob Larris, as big and heavy as a Newfoundland dog, who rubbed his arm and ejaculated—"Eh! dom the little mermaid!" stepped on the tail of his cur, which raised a howl of anguish, and then my flying feet bear me to a favorite rock, perched on which eminence I view,

THE WRECK.

with a feeling of perfect security, the charge of the breakers on the coast below, although my hair is wet with the scattered foam.

There is no longer even a *tinge* of blue in the sky, which stretches a sheet of lead above me—ominous with black, thunderous-looking clouds, with copper-colored edges, from which flash sheets of flame which seem to touch the leaping waves, tipping them with dull fire. Black, pitch-black, with edges of deathly-blue and ghastly white are the great waves which open in seams, and show the dark commotion of the waters below, and rise as if their foam-capped heads would strike the sky, and then reel and plunge as though dizzied by the height they had attained. The gale has risen and drives the clouds before it, showing a "heaven like brass," from which the lightning leaps and plunges to the sea, and all the waters are whipped to foam, and groan and fling themselves headlong upon the shore, from which they retire, again to wrestle with the angry wind which shrieks and howls, and laughs madly as the vexed ocean struggles and lashes itself in impotent wrath. Then comes the rain and hides all the terrors of the scene as with a dense veil, and I hear a long halloo and a cry, and know that my father is seeking for me in the storm.

I was about to spring forward and disclose myself, when something that was neither the roar of the waves, nor the crash of the thunder struck my ear—muffled and despairing—the boom of a signal-gun at sea. I paused and clung to my rock, peering vainly into the blank of the storm. Lanterns began to gleam redly through the mist. Again the gun sounded, and was answered by a shout—a shout as despairing as the appeal for aid, dulled by the raging elements—for what boat dare put out for sea in such a storm as this? I cling to my rock, trembling with horror and excitement. I seemed to hear the rending of the brave ship's timbers, to see her dismantled masts sucked in by the maelstrom of the storm. I saw the white, despairing faces, whose lips yet thrilled with cries for help, go down—down. I saw the helpless hands clutch at the devouring waves or stretched to heaven for aid, and shivering, slipped from my place upon the rock and ran wildly through the storm, where I could see the red glare of the lanterns dancing here and there through the shrouding rain.

As I ran recklessly on, falling sometimes, but up again in an instant, my cheeks burning, my heart throbbing, my wet hair held back with both hands, that I might hear every sound alien to the storm that might chance to pierce the combined roar of wind and water, I stumbled against some one, and had the red glare of a lantern turned upon my face.

"Ho! 'tis the little wench! and not the first time she's run me aground to-night. Blest! if she ain't a sea-witch or somethin'," said Bob Larris's voice, and to Bob Larris's rough coat I attached myself with both my hands, crying—"The wreck! the wreck!"

"Ho's got a turn! Back to cottage, lass! Yon's no place for wenches," said an old sea-dog, who was trudging along by Bob's side.

"Oh! Bob, *let* me go with you!"

"Heave away hearty, my lass," said Bob, "you're no feared of a sea-drench;" and rightly construing this to be a permission to accompany him, I ran along by his side, keeping a tight hold of his horny hand, and feeling the spray of the sea mingle with the rain which was dashed in our faces by the force of the wind.

"Hooroar! t' Beacon's up!" said Bob.

I uttered a cry, for where all was a dead blank before, is now illumined by a fiery light which shows a red sea, crested with flame, rearing itself—like a mighty scarlet dragon, I think—and plunging towards us; the foam is red, blood-red, and I shudder and shut my eyes that I may not see some bruised and ghastly form tossed at my feet by the monster that has battered its life out. I open them again, and there! what is that, borne in triumph upon the crimson crest of a wave, raised far above us, like a statue on its pedestal, with the head thrown back, and the hair scattered wide, and the white hands locked in a death-strain around the slender plank? Even through the storm one can hear the shout of many voices as the giant wave leans forward and balances its burden; then, toppling, plunges into instant ruin, but leaves its treasure at our feet. I dash forward and fling myself upon the prostrate form and clutch it frantically, for I see another relentless wave approaching, and twenty hands seize me and the senseless form I hold in my futile grasp and bear us from the coming peril. "'Tis a brave one! a shrimp to catch a whale!" say the men, and laugh loudly, and I find myself in my father's arms, being scolded and caressed by turns, and am told that the rescued stranger is to be taken to our cottage. "For he is alive, thank God!" my father says, "not drowned, like—d'ye mind, my lass, who was drowned off Trollok Point, twelve years ago?"

Didn't I know by heart, although it had happened two years before my birth?

"Robert Rupell, papa."

"Yes," with a deep sigh, "God rest his soul."

II.

WHAT DEATH TOOK FROM ME.

My dreams that night were wild and confused, and I was glad to wake and see the sun shining over the treacherous ocean, which gently undulated under its rays, every blue wave tipped with a silver spark, and melted into tenderest purple on the far horizon. Every now and then a white-sailed ship glided into view, or a boat skimmed the surface like a bird, but there was no trace of the disaster of the night before. My thoughts flew to the shipwrecked stranger, in some degree my property, I felt, for if my strength had failed to rescue him, my will had been good.

I shook my hair over my shoulders and glided down the stairs, some idea of a proper toilette for the reception of a stranger in my mind, and having but the one short, blue gown I always wore, with another short, blue gown for change, I twined my coronal of shells around my head, as the nearest approach to *dress* in my power, and seeing a door partly open, the door of the "best room," which was parlor and bedroom in one, I insinuated my small person through the crevice, heard some one breathing gently, and approached the bed, which was shadowed by white curtains striped with blue. One of these I drew aside, and then stood still, gazing with awe and delight.

The small head was covered with thick, silken hair, as yellow as my own, not curled, but waving almost to the shoulders. The eyes were closed, but long, curling lashes lay beneath them, and two golden-brown arches defined themselves under the white brow, whose dazzling purity ran into a faint, creamy pink on the oval cheeks. The nose was straight and Greek, the mouth large, but with well-arched, beautifully-colored lips. One hand, slender and shapely, with rosy nails, lay just outside the coverlet, and the skin looked so like white satin to my eyes, accustomed only to the brown, hairy paws of sailors and fishermen, that I felt tempted to touch it, and lightly doing so with the tip of one finger, two golden-brown eyes opened upon me suddenly, contemplating me with a bewildered glance. The red lips parted in a smile and spoke. "It seems my good luck has not altogether deserted me. Wrecked no one knows where, and nursed by a sea-nymph! It is Thetis or Amphitrite! or, by the loosened yellow locks, Anadyomene herself, shaking the foam from her tresses."

"It is Persephone," I said, climbing upon the foot of the bed, and so disposing myself as to command a full view of the object of my admiration.

"What! pale Queen of Shadows! Pray, how did you escape from gloomy Dis, and all his horrors? Don't think me mad—but when one goes to sleep in a fisherman's cottage, and wakes to find himself in the company of a sea-nymph, who calls herself Persephone, some slight confusion should be excused."

Here I innocently created a diversion by exclaiming, "How beautiful you are!"

"You make me blush, Persephone! But I suppose your subjects are of a somewhat different complexion, as a general thing. Tell me how you happen to be here, with your classical name and wonderful hair? Are you really just flesh and blood, like the rest of us?"

"Feel!" I said, leaning forward, and putting my rough hand into the satin palm lying carelessly on the coverlet.

"Your hands betray you! They are conversant with sea-weed and mussels, and I fear, my goddess, you *have* dug for crabs."

I snatched my hand away with sudden anger, my lips trembled and tears rushed to my eyes.

"She is offended! She is a sensitive-plant, a nautilus, and I have touched a gossamer nerve with my rude finger! Forgive me, gentle queen, and run away, or I shall eat you, for now I am fairly awake, I begin to feel ravenous."

"You shall have some breakfast," I said, descending from my elevation. "I will tell mother that you are awake."

My mother pounced upon me as I came out of the stranger's room, and putting her large hand over my mouth, to stifle my cries, pushed me into the kitchen, where she boxed me soundly.

"Ye saucy jade, I'll larn ye manners. Dost think quality's for the like of ye? Out you, and mind the little wench!" And with a parting slap, she pushed me towards the baby, who was playing in the sand, and over whom I poured such a flood of bitter tears, as made the little innocent cling to me, and cry with vague distress and unconscious sympathy. This soothed me somewhat, and I caressed the little thing, and was building a fort of many-colored shells for her amusement, when a voice near me said—"Persephone."

I sprang to my feet, blushing and trembling.

"What a timid little goddess! But no wonder—you are not accustomed to the light of day, and our upper-world aspect. Persephone, I am dull, I wish to be amused. Where are your haunts? Can you not take me to the gloomy cavern, through which the 'coal-black steeds' of Pluto bore you to your subterranean kingdom; or shall we drive to some cool, coral grotto, where each thing 'suffers a sea-change into something rich or strange?'"

"I can't leave the baby, sir."

"Is that a baby? Upon my word, I thought it a porpoise; but it is of the earth earthy—or at anyrate, of the sea, fishy, and no fit subject for the tendance of those little hands, which, brown and rough as they are, have the true lily shape."

"Oh! sir, I wish I could go with you!"

"Don't call me sir, call me—Rupert. What do you think of my name, Persephone?"

"It is beautiful. It is like yourself."

"Say, Rupert, then."

"Rupert."

"You pronounce it very prettily. Come, my goddess, the sun is at just such a height that the sea must look its best. Come and look at my shroud, Persephone—for my shroud it might have been, little one, and I should have looked a royal corpse, with my winding-sheet all diamonds and sapphires, and my mausoleum encrusted with pearls, which, as you know, are the sea-maidens' tears. Have you ever seen a mermaid, Persephone?"

"I think I have, sometimes, way out at sea."

"And was her hair green, and did she have a mirror in her hand?"

"I think it must have been a siren—for I heard such a strange, sweet sound, like singing."

"Persephone, where did you learn about the sirens? And who taught you, a little sea-snail, to speak with so pure an accent?"

"My father taught me, sir."

"I haven't yet seen your father, have I? Was that your mother who gave me my breakfast?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have said sir, twice, Persephone!"

"Yes, Rupert."

"My name was never so pretty before. You have a charming way, little Persephone. I would like to see your father. He must be a lusus naturæ in these regions."

"He's a fisherman."

"Well, Persephone, come with me to the place where you sit and watch the mermaids, and I will say to you a poem which was written all about you."

"About me! Did you write it, sir?"

"Sir?"

"Did you write it, Rupert?"

"No, a lady wrote it—a lady who had never seen you, but had heard all about you. Which is the way, Persephone?"

"This way, Ru—pert."

So I turned my back upon the baby, and upon my mother's wrath, as I would have turned my back upon a greater duty, as I would have braved a more fearful anger, when beckoned by his hand, and urged by the sweetness of his golden-brown eyes.

I ran, and he ran. I looked back, and the baby was staring after us, with wondering eyes. Then she began to dig, contentedly, in the sand. I was happy. I held his hand. His beautiful eyes smiled down upon me. I led him up on the rock—I gave him the nicest seat, and then inquired protectingly if he were comfortable. He laughed, and said no—that to sit straight up that way, on a rock, was by no means his idea of comfort.

"But I will tell you what is, Persephone. Sit down here in this very place—by the way, what a nice moss cushion this is! and I will lay my head on your lap—so. Now I can see the sky—how clear and blue it is! and when I get tired of the sky, I can see your eyes, which are as blue and clear—and when I get tired of both—one does not wish to look even into a pair of blue eyes forever, Persephone—I can shut my eyes, and hear the murmur of the sea, and that sweet, plaintive sound, far, far away, which must be as you said, the siren's song. Now, Persephone, I am going to say that poem I promised you: for I feel just in the mood, and it seems to me as if I could smell the daffodils—the dear old daffodils. Listen, Persephone—

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
  Demeter's daughter, fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
  And gamesome as the morning air.
The daffodils were fair to see,
They nodded lightly on the lea,
Persephone—Persephone!

Lo! one she marked of rarer growth
  Than orchis or anemone;
For it the maiden left them both,
  And parted from her company.
Drawn nigh she deemed it fairer still,
And stooped to gather by the rill
The daffodil, the daffodil.

What ailed the meadow that it shook—
  What ailed the air of Sicily?
She wandered by the prattling brook,
  And trembled with the trembling lea—
"The coal-black horses rise—they rise;
Oh, mother, mother!" low she cries—
Perse,phone—Persephone!

"Oh, light, light, light!" she cries, "farewell;
  The coal-black horses wait for me—
Oh, shade of shades, where I must dwell,
  Demeter, mother, far from thee?
Ah! fated doom that I fulfill!
Ah! fateful flower beside the rill!
The daffodil, the daffodil!"

What ails her that she comes not home?
  Demeter seeks her far and wide,
And gloomy-browed doth ceaseless roam
  From morn til eventide.
"My life, immortal though it be,
Is naught," she cries, "for want of thee,
Persephone—Persephone!"

Meadows of Enna, let the rain
  No longer drop to feed your rills,
Nor dew refresh the fields again,
  With all their nodding daffodils!
Fade, fade, and droop, oh, lilied lea,
Where thou, dear heart, wert reft from me—
Persephone—Persephone!"

"Why, tender little heart, you are crying!"

"No, I am not."

"Yes you are. You may hide your face in your hair, but I saw tears in your eyes—and here is one on my face. No, it is not a drop of rain. Rain does not fall from a sky like crystal, naughty little one. Now tell me what made you cry."

"'Where you, dear heart, were reft from me.'"

"Why did that make you cry, Persephone?'

"Because you must go away."

"My dear child!"

"Oh! I wish you would stay. Oh, I wish you would not go away," I said, clasping my hands, and looking beseechingly into the golden-brown eyes which smiled up at me.

"Little Persephone, you don't know what you are saying. I must return to my home, to my friends."

"But will you never come back?"

"Perhaps—years hence, Persephone—when I am—married."

He half smiled, and his whole face flushed rosily.

I clenched my hand, and beat the air with it. "I hate her!"

"Hate whom, Persephone?" he asked, raising himself on his elbow, and looking into my face with wide open eyes.

"That woman."

"What woman?"

"The one you are going to marry."

"Why! Persephone?"

"Why did you come here, when I am never to see you again? Why are you so beautiful, like—like Apollo—or Jason when Medea first saw him? And I must always stay in this n-nasty place, and marry a fisherman!"

"Persephone."

It was my father's voice. I flew to him, and buried my face in his breast, and clung to him, sobbing wildly, despairingly—I thought my heart must be breaking.

My father looked around him. I knew by the tone of his voice that he was looking around in that way which always frightened me so dreadfully, and made the fishermen touch their foreheads and nod at each other without speaking.

"What ails—the—little—lass?" he said, faintly. "She—is—cry-ing."

"I told her a sad story, and I find she is very sensitive."

"Did you tell her about Robert Rupell? That always pains her. Yes, she is sensitive, very sensitive. *I* was once, but that was—long—ago."

"Robert Rupell?"

Rupert spoke eagerly.

"He was drowned—off Trollok Point—twelve years ago. Oh, how dreadful the storm was that night! The sea ran mountain-high, and tossed the ship like a cork from wave to wave. She reeled and plunged down, down, until we could see the dead men's skulls grin from the bottom, where they lay as thick as pebbles on the beach. But she rose like a bird from this chasm, yawning like the gates of a watery hell, and again the ocean caught her and flung her upon a rock. She rebounded, shivered, struck again, and split like a rotten plank. The waters rushed up through her with a sound like the report of a cannon. The men were thrown into the air like feathers. They came down again. One of them struck the deck, and his brains flew into my face. Another was impaled on some of the broken and protruding frame-work. Many sank, never to rise again; others were drawn in by the force of the waters which sucked in the sinking ship. Some clung to the broken masts and shivered spars, cursing, praying, calling on their God, and the names of those they had left at home."

"And Robert Rupell?"

"Robert Rupell had almost reached the shore, thanks to a life-preserver, when a great wave struck him, and dashed him upon a sunken rock."

"Then he was drowned?"

"Drowned—drowned. And—I—was—saved. Why was I saved when Robert Rupell, young, strong, brave and handsome, was drowned? It is a mystery. I cannot understand it."

"You were saved to love your little daughter, papa," I broke in, renewing my sobs, which the oft-told tale had interrupted, for a certain interest would cling to its well-known horror, and I have dreamed over and over again in my dreams after listening to it.

"You knew him and loved him, then?" said Rupert.

"Yes, I knew him—but you—you are pale—there are tears in your eyes!"

"He was my uncle."

"And your name?"

"Rupert Rupell."

"His brother's son! Yes, you are like me as I was when young and strong, brave and handsome. I—oh! the sea rises—help! help! I am dying—I—"

My father fell to the ground. "Don't be frightened," I said. "It is nothing. He has them often. There is something in his pocket that the doctor gave him. Five drops—my hand shakes so I can't pour them. Oh, papa! papa!"

"Raise his head, Persephone. Loosen his handkerchief. Take my hat, run down to the beach and fill it with water."

I flew down to the beach, without being aware that I moved; I filled the hat, as in a dream. As in a dream I came back.

Rupert was kneeling by my father. His face, his beautiful face was pale and sad. With his long, waving hair, he looked like the picture I had once seen of an angel kneeling by the dead Christ.

"Persephone," he said, "little Persephone."

His voice was full of tears. I flung away the hat with both my hands. I fell upon my knees by my father. For the first time I found myself in the awful presence of Death.

III.

From the Diary of Rupert Rupell, Artist and Bohemian.

Since her father's death, the child is altogether inconsolable; she clings to me, and follows me about like a little dog, but when I attempt to speak to her of her loss, she flies into such a passion of grief that I almost fear for her life. She is such a fragile little creature, and her imagination has been so cultivated by that strange father of hers, that I foresee much suffering for her if she continues to live among this very rude population. Her mother is a creature with the shoulders and arms of a blacksmith, with lungs of brass, and a countenance of iron. The child is a perpetual mystery to her, and she treats her as all vulgar people do that which they cannot understand, trying to attain by violence that knowledge which is only yielded to the most delicate handling. The child's thoughts are not *her* thoughts, nor her ways *her* ways, and the poor little thing is beaten because her mother cannot comprehend her. She showed me a livid mark on her white shoulder, a shoulder like a little pearl, so pure and transparent. I kissed the poor, bruised flesh to soothe the child, and she blushed all over her neck like a very woman. I was quite abashed.

The child has just been to me in an agony of tears. It seems that the night before the burial of a corpse, it is the custom, in this part of the country, for all the friends of the deceased to assemble for the purpose of "sitting up with it," something which answers to the Irish *wake*. Food and liquor is provided, and many of the company are "gloriously drunk" before morning. The child's father has always expressed an abhorrence of this practice, and repeatedly refused to countenance it by his presence; but it seems that the widow, wishing to lose none of the eclat of her situation, has issued invitations to the neighborhood, and is laying in a goodly supply of whiskey and edibles.

"And oh! Rupert, once they set the man up at the table and put a pipe in his mouth, and offered him something to drink," was the conclusion of the poor child's narrative, which had been interrupted by repeated bursts of tears.

"I am sorry, Persephone, but I can do nothing. Your mother refuses to listen to anything I may say."

"You *can* do something. If I were a *man* I would do it."

"What can I do?"

"You can steal him away, and bury him in the sea. He won't be lonely there as he would be in the ground, for there are the Sea-Nymphs, and Amphitrite, and Neptune, I know will be kind to him, he has such a long, white beard, just like Bob Larris's grandfather."

"Persephone, could you get Bob Larris to help me?"

Oh, I think I could! I am sure I could."

"Go to him, then, as quickly as you can. Tell him I will give him five pounds for his assistance."

She was gone almost before I had finished speaking. It is fortunate that my remittance has arrived; for, if I do this thing, I must leave the country immediately.

She has come back. Bob Larris will do anything—not for pay, but for love of "the little wench." He will be under the window of my sleeping-apartment by twelve o'clock. I can step easily from it to the ground. The unbolting of the house-door is entrusted to Persephone.

"Do you feel happier now, Persephone?"

She nodded her head, and stood with clasped hands, looking out over the sea. Her attitude had all the abandonment of excessive grief; her full, red mouth was relaxed and drooping; her heavy-lidded eyes had a far-off look, and tears yet hung upon their long lashes, and glistened on the carmine of her cheek. Her long, bright hair was waved aside by the breeze, which also blew her short, blue skirt away from the faultless feet and ankles, half-buried in the sand. As she stood, I sketched her into the foreground of a sea-view I had taken, intending it to be a souvenir of my shipwreck, and this bewitching child of the sea.

When I had finished it, I called her to look at it.

"Who is it, Persephone?"

"I suppose it is me."

"Do you not like it."

"I like nothing, now."

The despairing tone touched me.

"You will feel differently in a few weeks."

"Will you be here, then?"

"No; I must go away—to-morrow morning."

"Will you take me with you?"

"I cannot, my dear little girl. I would if I could."

"You are a man. If I were a man, I would do as I pleased. You do not wish to take me."

"You don't understand, Persephone. I am not married. If I were, I would take you for my little girl; for I should then have a house of my own."

"I would not go with you, if you were married. I should hate your wife. But if you don't take me with you, I will go with my father."

"With your father?"

"I will drown myself in the sea, as Sappho did." She sat down with a look of determination upon her small features, and dropping her head upon her hand, looked down upon the waves at her feet with a smile.

The child's state of mind was such that I did not doubt she would keep her word. A plan for her future, suddenly suggested itself to me.

"You shall go with me, Persephone," I said.

She left her seat and came towards me—and before I could prevent her, was kneeling at my feet, kissing my hand, over which her tears poured like rain. I tried to raise her and make her sit by my side, but she would sit only at my feet, leaning against my knee, a happy smile on her face, and the glow of the sunset reddening the soft abundance of her trailing hair.

Before midnight I was up and dressed, and wandering like an unquiet ghost, around the cottage. Just at the stroke of twelve, Bob Larris loomed like a giant through the pale moonlight, and seeing me, curved his hand before his mouth, as if about to hail a boat, and informed me, in a gigantic whisper, that all was ready.

"We'll take you out in t' boat. T' she'e there."

I nodded; and as we approached the cottage, the door opened noiselessly, and Persephone stood on the threshold. She beckoned us in, and stood, with averted head, while we raised the stark body of the dead man between us, laid it upon a plank, and bore him over the threshold he would never cross again. Then she closed the door carefully, and followed down to the beach, where the boat was rocking gently on the waves. There we deposited our burden, while Bob went to the boat, and brought thence a large piece of canvas, upon which we laid the body, and then stooping, I took up a handfull of sand, and cast upon it, saying, in the beautiful words of the Service for the Burial of the Dead—"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to take out of the world the soul of our deceased brother, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general Resurrection of the last day, and the life of the world to come—through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world; the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed, and made like unto His own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

Bob Larris now wrapped the canvas around the corpse, and stitched it strongly, sailor fashion. We then carried it to the boat, where, while I was seating Persephone, Bob contrived to fasten a bag of heavy shot to its feet—and each taking a couple of oars, we rowed silently out into the night.

Persephone sat like a statue, seeming to watch the phosphorescent light that marked our course, until we stopped, when she grasped my arm firmly, and looked up in my face without speaking, I answered her glance, and withdrawing her hand she drew the folds of her cloak over her face. Bob had already raised the dead man's shoulders, and I lifting his feet, we swung him gently over the side of the boat, and releasing our hold, he sank through the dark waters which closed instantly over him. Persephone raised her head and looked around her, then bending over the side of the boat she took some of the water in her hand, and standing upright, threw it upon the surface of the ocean, as I had sprinkled the sand, chanting, in a sweet, wild voice

"Full fathom five my father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell—
Hark, now I hear them—ding, dong, bell."

She raised her hand, and repeated the refrain—"ding, dong, bell"—in a sad monotone. And this was the fisherman's requiem.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 2, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $66—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 22 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We printed a small extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

NOTICE.

To enable our new subscribers to go on with the fine story of "George Canterbury's Will," we give in our present number a brief summary of the story thus far. New subscribers wishing to begin with the paper of October 2, should send in their names and money as early as possible.

CLUBS.—Those who design raising Clubs for THE POST for the ensuing year, should go to work at once, before the ground is crowded with canvassers for other periodicals. The inducements we offer are so great, that there probably will be very little difficulty in filling up the lists. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained, (even when the lists, if large, are not full) in order that the forwarding of the paper may not be delayed.

OAK HALL.—This extensive clothing establishment offers great inducements for this Autumn's sales. Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown propose "to reduce their scale of prices," to "employ new and better cutters," to have "a finer class of clothing than ever before," and "a larger and better stock." They say that their business increased 60 per cent. last year, and they have prepared for a still larger increase. We have been in the habit of dealing for several years past at Oak Hall, and generally have been very well pleased with the articles we have purchased.

☞ A man, who had been missing five days, was found dead in the woods in California. There was a policy of $10,000 insurance on his life, which expired the day before he was found. The Company objected to paying; a lawsuit followed, and now the verdict is given that he died soon enough to save the insurance, and it is to be paid to his widow, giving her the benefit of the doubt.

THE ALMANAC AT FAULT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A journey round the globe, which, a century or two ago, was the event of a lifetime, is now seriously spoken of as a summer pleasure trip. One result of this modern rapidity may be a curious clashing in our chronologies. For suppose we, in the quietude of a Sunday noon, meet two friends, one just arrived from the eastward route, the other having made his way westwardly round the world. May not our westward travelling friend accuse us of observing the Mosaic Sabbath, while our friend who has faced eastward is equally surprised at our pious observance of Monday?

We three, in such a case, would emulate the travellers who quarrelled over the three colors of the Chameleon, having gazed at it, as we at the day, from three different points of view. For the eastward traveller has made one revolution more than the earth, and is therefore a day ahead of the sun, while the other, who has faced west, has dropped a day out of his reckoning, and to him it is really Saturday.

As the pious denizen of our Pacific slope is rising to the first beams of the Sabbath sun, his equally devout brother of Eastern Europe has long since beheld the same sun set, and is fast journeying in the kingdom of slumber, towards Monday morning. Suppose Asia converted to Christianity and civilization, and the observance of our Sunday extended westward till it reached the European limit. Will not a strange confusion arise when the old Christian communities find their new brethren piously observing their Saturday as Sunday, and the new converts meet old professors of the faith buying and selling on what to them seems Sunday, and preaching and praying on their Monday?

A difficulty somewhat similar has already arisen. The early missionaries to the Sandwich islands, neglecting to make the necessary correction in their almanac, taught their converts to observe Monday as the day of rest. When afterwards the mistake was discovered it was proposed to change to the proper day; but, probably fearing a bad effect on the minds of their new brethren, it was finally concluded to make no change, and so Monday became established as the Sandwich Island Sabbath.

Seriously speaking, some conventional rule may have to be established in the future in order to avoid this source of confusion, otherwise passengers by quick steamers from Hong Kong to San Francisco, or a possible future telegraph across the Pacific, might make a frequent tangle in the days of the week. This rule may possibly be the establishment of a circle of longitude down the Pacific (which might also be taken as the line of no longitude, and thus dispel another source of confusion,) on one side of which Monday noon would be confronted with Sunday noon on the other.

The captain of a ship sailing south, with this line traversing his deck from stem to stern, may then, if he cannot execute the old threat and kick his cook into the middle of next week, at least cuff him into the middle of yesterday or to-morrow, at his pleasure.

CHARLES MORRIS.

Hours of Recreation.

During the sixteen waking hours of the twenty-four, not less than six hours should be devoted to mental and bodily recreation and refreshment. Within this period are included the meals, which should be nutritious in quality and ample in quantity, in order that the normal vitality, strength and endurance may be sustained. The food must be eaten slowly, with a mind at rest, and a conscience undisturbed. For half an hour after each meal, no physical or mental labor should be performed, and no cares, anxieties, or depressing emotions should exist. During these six hours of recreation, the mind should be directed by a variety of agreeable emotions, like mirthfulness, cheerful anticipations, pleasant reminiscences, wit, fun, humor, and much honest laughter. The man who cannot laugh heartily has a bad conscience. During this interval, the physical man must likewise be diverted by gentle sports and pastimes, which serve as lubricators and polishers of the human mechanism.

ROSA BONHEUR.—A young Philadelphia art-student now in Paris having become intimate with the Bonheurs, recently met Rosa at her home, and thus chats about her:—"The other day Harry and I were invited to dine at the Bonheurs." We always enjoy visiting there, because they are so agreeable and sociable. On this occasion we met Rosa, who had come in from her home at Fontainebleau. She has the Frenchman's way of placing her index finger along the full length of her nose, which I never before saw a woman do; and she parts her hair on one side like a man, letting it fall on her forehead. It is entirely gray, except where it is snow white. Indeed, the lady looks older than her mother. She talks energetically, clearly, and rather didactically, but is extremely pleasant. Harry showed her his pistol, and she said: 'Oh, yes, I know; I carry one just like it,' and pulled it out of her pocket to show it to us. As it was loaded it frightened the family considerably to see her manœuvre it in her off-hand way. After dinner she smoked her cigar like the *other* gentlemen of the party."

☞ THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—"Carleton," of the Boston Journal, says that the Northern Pacific Railroad will not only be built, but will become the great trunk road of the continent, and gives various reasons for this opinion. It will be the shortest line between the millions that are to occupy the country north of the Ohio River and the middle states on the one hand, and the Pacific on the other; it will be the shortest line for passenger travel between England and China; it lies through the great wheat-field of the continent; it will have its western terminus in the future New England of the Pacific coast—a region yet to be dotted all over with manufacturing towns; it lies through a region where the climate is milder in winter than along the central belt of the continent, and which for the entire distance is capable of sustaining an agricultural or industrial community.

☞ When Mr. Charles Hale, six years ago, left the Boston Advertiser to take the Egyptian Consul-Generalship, the paper was sold to his partners for $40,000. A few days since the same establishment was sold to a company of Boston capitalists for $250,000; which shows that that venerable and well-conducted journal has lost none of its vitality.

The New Star.

Christine Nilsson, the fair star of the North, whose fame threatens to rival that of the world-renowned Jenny Lind, is a native of Smoland, a canton on the Danish frontier of Sweden. When she was only seven years of age her great natural taste for music attracted notice, more especially when she evinced her talent by the self-taught skill with which she played on a toy fiddle the little airs of her country, accompanying them with the dulcet tones of her voice; her parents being, however, only simple peasants, there was no thought of fostering or cultivating her great natural gifts. But there is no averting destiny, and the first step towards accomplishing that of Christine Nilsson was taken on the day when, at the juvenile age of thirteen, she went in company with a young brother, fiddle in hand, to try her fortune at a neighboring rural *fete*, being anxious to contribute something towards home needs. This was really the day of the young Swede's first public *debut*, and though the circumstances attending it were humble, it led to important results. While resolutely scraping and singing away to a crowd of rustic admirers, while the young brother collected the voluntary subscriptions, the little violinist and vocalist—for she united in her own small person the double profession—attracted the attention of a wealthy landed proprietor, who was so captivated by her spirit and genius, that he made an offer to her parents to have her talent cultivated at his own expense, at Gothemburg. No wonder that the offer was gratefully accepted, and after a few natural regrets Christine quitted the paternal roof for Gothemburg, where she was, as a preliminary step, placed under the care and tutelage of a talented lady residing there, who had formerly been herself a vocal *artiste* of considerable celebrity. At the end of a year the future prima donna was removed to Stockholm, where she had for her instructor Franz Borwald, who is spoken of as a highly-skilled musician, and where, after six months' hard study and practice, she had the honor of appearing before the royal family of Sweden. Although she, on this occasion, still attempted no higher flight than the national airs of her country, yet the grace and expression with which she rendered them procured her enthusiastic applause and a shower of bouquets. Paris was the next step on the road to fame, and here Christine was placed as a pupil with the famous Professor Wartel, who had just completed the musical education of that most charming of contralto singers, Madame Trebelli. Under his able and experienced tuition she studied hard for three years, at the expiration of which she made her *debut* as Violetta, in La Traviata, at the Theatre Lyrique, under the management of M. Carvalho, and with triumphant success. Christine Nilsson selected the same part in which to claim the suffrages of a London public in the old theatre known as Her Majesty's, in the spring of 1867, and however much the taste of some might dissent from the character chosen, there could be no difference of opinion as to the talent of the young, gifted, and attractive *debutante*. Since that period Mdlle. Nilsson has appeared each season, and with increasing success, in a variety of characters, her most remarkable impersonations being Marguerite, in Gounod's Faust, the heroine in Flotow's Martha, and, more recently, Ophelia in Hamlet, a part she has created.

Mdlle. Nilsson possesses great charms of person. Her beauty is of the true Scandinavian type: blue eyes, fair complexion, a frank and winning smile, and a profusion of light golden hair. The talented young Swede is thought by many to bear a strong resemblance to the Princess of Wales. Nor are the graces of her mind inferior to those of her face. The glitter and excitement of her brilliant position has never diminished one iota of her intense love for her Northern home. As a pleasing trait in her character, it may be mentioned that when the first fruits of her genius were paid to her in Paris, she undertook a journey to her native place, that she might enjoy the happiness of placing them herself in the hands of her mother.

As regards her voice, it is a pure soprano of very extensive compass, while her execution of the most rapid flights of vocalization is as brilliant and faultless as can be imagined.

A Sensible Young Man.

The late Col. Colt was himself a practical mechanic. By his will he left to his nephew an immense fortune. At the time of Colt's death the nephew was learning his trade of machinist in his uncle's shop, working diligently in his overhauls day by day, subject to the same rules as other apprentices. On his uncle's death he became a millionaire; but choosing a guardian to manage his property, he continued at his labor, and faithfully served his apprenticeship. Now as he walks the rooms of his fine house, or drives his handsome team, he has a consciousness that if his riches take to themselves wings and fly away, he is furnished with the means of getting an honest livelihood, and may make a fortune for himself. He was a greasy mechanic, and is not ashamed of it again. Labor and its accompanying dirt are not dishonorable nor degrading; laziness and its almost necessary evils are disgusting and destroying. Dirty hands and a sense of independence are to be preferred to kid gloves and a consciousness of being a mere drone in the human hive. Tools rust from neglect; wear out from use. Neglect is criminal; use is beneficial. So with man's capabilities—better wear them out than let them rust.

☞ IMPERTINENT QUESTIONERS.—No man asks another how much money he possess. Are there not other matters in which reticence is equally required from the would-be questioner? Questions have given more offence than perhaps any other mode of speech. If silence is golden, and speech is silver, that peculiar form of speech called questioning is, for the most part, brazen.

☞ GAINING AND LOSING A DAY.—Sitka, in Alaska, is noted as the point where the traveller around the world either gains or loses his day of the week. A Russian reaching it on an eastward journey celebrates his seventh day Sabbath there, while an American going westward finds business suspended on his Saturday.

☞ RAILROADS.—The following statement shows the number of miles of railroad in the states given:—Pennsylvania, 4,400; Illinois, 3,450; Ohio, 3,400; New York, 3,400; Indiana, 2,600; Iowa, 1,550; Georgia, 1,580; Massachusetts, 1,450; Missouri, 1,400; Virginia, 1,480; Tennessee, 1,440; Wisconsin, 1,250; Michigan, 1,260; North Carolina, 1,100; South Carolina, 1,000.

Serpents and Venomous Snakes.

BY N. A. WOODS.

PART II.

I confess to being fond of snakes. I don't mean "fond" in the "affectionate" acceptation of the term. I am fond of them only in the sense of the interest with which I have studied their extraordinary habits, both in captivity, and, to some extent, in a state of nature, and viewed with awe and astonishment the terrible powers which some species possess of inflicting inevitable, and, in some cases, almost immediate death from an apparently trivial scratch with their poison-fangs. Researches into the habits and natures of these deadly reptiles can never be a popular study. Not one in a hundred can look on a snake without fear, and not one in a thousand without feelings of the most intense abhorrence and loathing. The quiet study of them in a state of captivity, and from specimens of your own, is both difficult and expensive, as I well know. To attempt to study their habits in a state of nature is ten times more difficult and expensive still. Thus it is that really learned and earnest ophiologists are very rare; and thus it is that the most extraordinary amount of ignorance prevails about all relating to the habits and venomous effects of these reptiles. Of this ignorance I could give hosts of instances; but one or two will suffice.

A few years ago, a highly-educated and scientific officer in the service of the Indian government was returning to that country, and, knowing my peculiar tastes, he undertook to add as much as possible to my collection of venomous serpent-fangs, and especially to send the fangs of some of the large family of deadly water-snakes which I had not got. He remembered his promise faithfully, and most diligently set to work to perform it. A reward of a quarter of a rupee to the natives for all dead snakes soon brought in a large collection. I, of course, was delighted to hear how the collection was progressing.

Judge, therefore, of my disappointment, my annoyance, and, also, it must be added, of my amusement, when, after a lapse of two years, I received from my scientific friend a number of cards, on which were neatly gummed down, not the fangs, but the *long forked tongues* of some fifty venomous snakes, the names of each of which was neatly written under. He had actually believed, as ninety-nine ordinary persons out of a hundred do believe, that the deadly wound was inflicted by the forked tongue, whereas, in fact, the forked tongues of all snakes are as little venomous as the tongues of ladies; I was nearly saying, less so. It was fortunate, however, for my late friend that in his innocence he did not attempt any extraction of the real fangs, an operation requiring peculiar care, and involving a certain amount of danger, as I will show presently. In an officer whose studies had not taken such a whimsical turn as mine, this want of knowledge may be easily overlooked; but what are we to say when so accomplished a hunter and so renowned a traveller as Sir Samuel Baker shows an almost equal amount of ignorance on this subject? In the history of the last great exploration to the Albert Nyanza he gives an account of an enormous puff-adder which they killed *en route*, and which he describes as having a blunt tail, *like all deadly snakes*, quite forgetting in this description, all the family of cobras, the Morocco snake, the cerastes, the whip-snake, the white-lady, the tuboba, and nearly all the deadly water-snakes, whose tails taper to the finest points. As if this was not enough, he proceeds to add that he extracted *four* venom-fangs from each side of the snake's jaw. Sir Samuel Baker has certainly discovered the source of the Nile; but neither he nor any one else has ever discovered a venomous serpent with more than two poison-fangs, one on each side of the upper jaw.

Last October a letter appeared in the London Times, relating the alarming symptoms which arose from the bite of a viper, to a gentleman who was thus injured while partridge-shooting, and the same letter had the coolness to relate that the bite of the English viper was never fatal. It will hardly be believed that the writer made this extraordinary statement on so high an authority as Mr. Bell, in his work on *British Reptiles*. As a matter of course, an assertion so sweeping and so erroneous was at once contradicted in the Times, on the authority of medical gentlemen, who had themselves attended fatal cases; and scores of such instances could be produced from the records of the country hospitals. I myself have only seen one fatal case, which occurred at Farningham about twenty years ago. The victim was an old farm-laborer, and he sank and died in about sixty hours after he was bitten; but I venture to say that numbers of other well-authenticated instances I can myself produce. In all these cases where there has been a fatal termination, the great heat of the weather at the time is given as reason for the snake's unusual venom. It might just as reasonably be set down to price of consols or the state of trade, as I think I can easily show.

Let me premise that I am not a medical man, as far as practice goes, though I was reared for one. I am simply an amateur naturalist, whose studies, with those of a few other friends, have for many years past taken the somewhat eccentric direction of watching the habits and manners of snakes, *harmless*, *venomous*, and *deadly*. With almost every kind of snake, we have, one or other of us, experimented; and most of them have for the time been our own property. I need not say that we have never experimented on ourselves. What we have seen with dogs, kittens, rabbits, rats, guinea-pigs, fowls, ducks and sparrows, which have been given to the snakes, has been quite enough to satisfy our curiosity on the subject. We have not been quite able to afford such costly subjects as cows or horses, and we have never been able to overcome the serious difficulty of getting such animals into the snake's little cage, or getting the snake out with any sort of certainty that it would bite the proper subject; though I am quite convinced that the bite of a *deadly* snake would have the same result, whether it was inflicted on a rabbit or a bull—namely, certain death, whether in a few minutes or a couple of hours. Of this I can give instances which have occurred within my own knowledge, when both mules and cows have been bitten by rattle-snakes in the prairies; for, as far as my own small means have permitted, I have, when in Asia, Africa, or America, always pursued my inquiries as to the effects of the bites of venomous reptiles, and the possibilities or probabilities of their cure, if taken in time.

In most parts of the world, the grass, glass, field, and tree-snakes are not only utterly inoffensive, but can rarely be made to bite at all. With their larger brethren, however, the case is very different. They are large, bold, aggressive, and vicious; and though, as I have said, their bite is not at all venomous, it is most severe, and almost dangerous, from the time it takes to heal. This arises from the fact of their jaws being armed with many rows of small, sharp, crooked teeth, all pointing backwards; so that, no matter what the size or nature of the prey struck, it is sure, even if it escapes, to receive an infinity of little, close-set wounds, which are at once both punctured and lacerated. This class of snakes includes all the variety of pythons; whether the rock-snake of West Africa, the Guinea snake, the boa-constrictor of South Africa and Ceylon or Southern India, the bull-snakes of North America, or perhaps the greatest and most formidable of all, the dark or black anacondas of Southern and Central America. About the power of the boa-constrictor, and its great American sister the anaconda, the most absurd notions are afloat, and it is more or less popularly believed that they daily dine respectively off tigers and buffaloes. All I can say is that I wish they did; but I am reluctantly compelled to believe that a well-grown tiger would crunch as easily through the body of the largest boa as a man would through a stick of celery. The constrictive power of the boa, however, is very great indeed, and I believe the great or dark anaconda to be more powerful still. There are not wanting instances of men having fallen victims to both; and probably for one instance that is known, ten may have happened of which nothing has ever been heard. Like all snakes, of whatever kind, they gorge themselves at one meal, and then retiring to their nests or holes, or caves, remain almost torpid for a week or a fortnight, or even longer. During the winter, they will probably not eat more than once a month, or six weeks, or even sometimes remain as much as six months at a time without taking anything whatever. Their powers of abstinence are, indeed, only to be equalled by their powers of gluttony. One very fine boa at the Zoological Gardens remained for *one year and ten months* without touching anything; yet at the end of this time the reptile was in good condition, and looked, when coiled up, like a roll of beautiful oil cloth. It may be said, considering how abundant these reptiles are, that it is rather singular the great European collections should possess such few fine living specimens. A moment's reflection, however, will show the reason. When torpid and gorged with food, they conceal themselves with as much dexterity as a bird conceals its nest. When about and roaming for food, they keep in the densest forests, and are so active and vigilant as not to be easily overtaken, still less captured, without such injuries as they seldom survive for many hours or days. To take a big boa alive and uninjured among the trees of his native forests, or in the swampy marshes in which he delights to swim, is almost impossible. Besides, it must always be recollected that the natives of the countries they infest only wish for their destruction, and thus, though for a small present the curious traveller may get skins enough of dead snakes to make a railway rug, yet to get a single live specimen requires a comparatively large reward, and then the thing brought in is generally much injured, and always small. One of the largest boas, if not the largest ever kept in captivity was, until lately, at the Zoological Gardens. It was a female, which was captured at Ceylon while in a torpid state. It then measured about twenty feet long, but was very thin. Regular diet, however, and the care taken of it at the Gardens, where it was sent, soon improved its condition; and at the end of some six years it had grown to the length of more than twenty-nine feet, and was as thick round as a man's thigh. This monster was called "Bess," and to the last moment of her captivity, or rather of her life, she remained intolerably vicious. Even her keepers were afraid of her. Once she rose with such a reckless plunge against the attendant who was cleaning her cage as to knock him completely out of the opening by which he had entered, though fortunately not hurting him, and leaving him ample strength and time to close the slide before she could follow him, which she was quite prepared to do. This magnificent reptile died of a surfeit of her own *blankets*. She was casting her skin, and was, as is always the case at that time, partially blind, when her meal of rabbits was driven into her cage. The first she seized, crushed, and instantly gorged. With the others she was less successful. Warned, perhaps, by the fate of their companion, they were most agile in keeping out of the way. The second she struck at she missed altogether, but caught her blanket instead, around the unresisting mass of which she coiled and twined and crushed till she was tired, and then deliberately proceeded to gorge it. No effort could get it from her tenacious jaws, and indeed in her then savage humor it was not safe to persist in the attempts. So at her leisure, though not without considerable exertion, owing, no doubt, to the woolly nature of the texture, she succeeded in swallowing her rug, equal in size and thickness to the ordinary covering of a bed. After this gastronomic feat she lay torpid for about a week, when, with great efforts, she disgorged both the blanket and the rabbit she had previously swallowed. Both had evidently disagreed with her. After this she seemed ill, and refusing food for a month and more, coiled herself up and laid about seventy eggs. Then, though she was evidently very ill, she tried to hatch them, and all the scientific world of naturalists watched the result with so much interest that bulletins of her condition and progress in incubation appeared in the papers almost every other day. It is not much to be wondered at that the event created a sort of sensation, for in all the history of serpents no boa-constrictor had ever laid eggs in captivity. However, after some weeks' watching, the eggs, having been prematurely extruded, became bad; so they were removed with no little difficulty from under Bess. After their abstraction she seemed very restless, and refused all food; even the temptation of live ducks, generally a quite irresistible bait to ailing boas, was taken no notice of. Nothing could tempt her appetite, and her fits of anger rose to perfect fury when her cage had to be cleaned. In the end this almost necessary process had to be given over, but still she refused her meals; and after languishing a few weeks more, suddenly stretched herself out and died; thus depriving us of one of the finest, if not the finest boa that has ever been seen in captivity, and also of the chance of rearing up a race of genuine British boas to succeed her.

This accident of her having accidentally gorged her blanket has been held by many good naturalists, and not without reason, to be a proof that these reptiles possess little sense of taste or smell. They, however, overlook, or more likely have not heard of, the important fact that at the time Bess made this mistake she was casting her skin, and nearly blind. As a mere matter of taste, it is very likely indeed that she did not find much palatable difference between the flavor of her blanket and the wool of the young lambs or fur of the rabbits she was accustomed to swallow whole. As a safe general rule, all boas are exceedingly vicious, and prone to bite and attack on the least disturbance. Like every general rule, however, this has its exceptions, which prove its truth. Thus there is now a boa at the Regent's Park Gardens which actually delights in being noticed. It is a young one, certainly, only a few years old, and, though as thick as a man's arm, is not more than some seven feet long. This is so docile as to come to the cage door the instant it is opened; and on the slightest sign of encouragement, such as being stroked down the back, of which it appears excessively fond, it will come quietly out and twine gently round the arm or neck or body of its visitor, and appears thoroughly to enjoy the warmth of its location. I have frequently seen ladies, and very young ladies too, with this serpent round their arms and waists. During the three years it has been at the Gardens, it has never shown any signs of vice, and indeed may now be looked on as thoroughly tamed; for though it is fast growing, there is hardly a week passes on which some visitor does not handle it.

As a contrast to this specimen, there is one which is not exhibited to the public, but is kept in the keeper's house in the Gardens at Regent's Park in a cage no larger than a lady's work-box. It is a true boa, a few months old, not much more than fourteen inches long, nor thicker than a man's little finger; yet the viciousness of this miniature reptile is wonderful. When plucked out of its little nest, it rears itself, hisses, and bites at everything near it. It bites very sharply, too, as I have reason to know when I last attempted to put it back into its box, and it fastened on my finger, and I nearly broke its back. Yet this little worm—for it is in truth not much more—will kill and eat two grown mice at a meal, and will at any time, when not actually gorged, rise instantly to seize a young sparrow.

Another boa at the Gardens, which in a few years bids fair to rival the size and strength of the late lamented Bess, is very ill-tempered, or rather of very uncertain temper. This reptile is about twenty feet long, and rather thick for its length. At times it is in a good humor, and does not object to its blanket being moved or its head being lifted. At other times it is very vicious; and at these times it would be in the highest degree dangerous for even the keeper to put his hand near it. It may be said, Why "even the keeper?" But those who know the habits of serpents know that they do get accustomed to their keepers and feeders; and even venomous snakes, I am confident, are quieter and less dangerous with them than they would be with any other persons.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Benefit of Laughter.

Probably there is not the remotest corner, or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels (life-vessels) of the body, that does not feel some wavelet from that great convulsion (hearty laughter) shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come, when physicians, attending more closely than at present unfortunately they are apt to do, to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription, a pill or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient. —*Good Health.*

☞ The new post-office in New York is to be connected with the various newspaper offices by means of pneumatic tubes, by which the editions intended for the mails can be sent directly into the basement of the post-office, and there distributed in the mail bags.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 23 and 25 Jefferson St. Office 34 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ A Miss Gray, of Albany, has fallen heir to $17,000,000, left her by a young Englishman who became enamored of her while travelling in this country. $5,000,000 is to be paid on the 1st of December. She is a milliner, aged about thirty years. The Albany Argus vouches for the accuracy of the statement.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The demand is limited. Sales comprise about 9000 bbls, at $5,50@5,75 for superfine; $5,75@6,25 for extra; $6,75@7,75 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $6,50@7,75 for Penna family; $7@7,75 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $8@10 ₱ bbl for fancy brands.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off. 20,000 bus of Western, Penna and Southern red sold at $1,48@1,52 for prime, and $1,30@1,45 for common to fair; 12,000 bus choice Delaware and Penna red at $1,53@1,55, and 12,000 bus of white at $1,58@1,65 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—5000 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1,12@1,15 ₱ bus. Corn—20,000 bus of prime Penna and Southern yellow sold at $1,19@1,20, and 35,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,10@1,14 ₱ bus. Oats—75,000 bus Penna, Southern and Western sold at 52@53c ₱ bushel.

COTTON continues dull. Sales of 1000 bales of Middlings at 29@29½c for Uplands, and 30@31c ₱ ₱ for New Orleans.

HAIR—130 bbls No 1 Quercitron sold at $30@32 ₱ ton.

HOPS—Prime are in fair demand. We quote new at 20@25c.

☞ Other articles about the same as last week.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1870.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

This "Queen of the Monthlies" again comes before the public, and presents its unequalled inducements for the coming year. Among its novelties will be a new Premium Engraving, and the following novelties by distinguished authors:

DID HE FORGET HER?
By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, author of "Fleeting From Fate," &c.

THE CASCANNON'S AUNT.
By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

SOLID SILVER; or, Christie Deane's Bridal Gifts.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "The Debarry Fortune," "The Prize of Two Men's Lives," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., from the gifted pens of Louise Chandler Moulton, Florence Percy, Amanda M. Douglas, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Virginia F. Townsend, Emma B. Ripley, Frances Lee, Frances A. Shaw, &c.—comprising as brilliant a galaxy of writers as can be found in the country.

"The Lady's Friend" is edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevated character is allowed entrance into its pages.

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, &c.

A splendid double-page finely colored Fashion Plate will illustrate every number. Also numerous other engravings illustrating the latest Patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS

Fourteen beautiful Steel Engravings, in addition to the twelve large Colored Fashion Plates, are published yearly.

"Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring."

This is the title of our new and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving—18 by 24 inches—

ENGRAVED IN ENGLAND AT A COST OF $2,000.

This represents a lover measuring his lady's finger for the Wedding Ring, and probably will be the most popular engraving we have ever issued. This beautiful picture (or one of "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club.*

Portraits of Distinguished Authors.

The January number for next year, will contain Portraits (engraved on Steel from Photographs) of Mrs. Henry Wood, Florence Percy, Louise Chandler Moulton, Elizabeth Prescott, Amanda M. Douglas, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, and August Bell. Of the most of these ladies, these are the only portraits ever issued; and they are copyrighted for The Lady's Friend.

Special Offer to New Subscribers.

New subscribers for 1870, who send on their names by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers in addition, making *fourteen months in all!* And those sending their names by the first of December, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!* Tens of thousands of new subscribers should take advantage of this liberal offer!

Address **DEACON & PETERSON,**
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Specimen Copies will be sent (post-paid) for ten cents.

TERMS.—The same, in all respects, as those of The Saturday Evening Post.

☞ "Wild Cat" is a new fairy piece in Paris, wherein the leading actress assumes the role of a cat, and "mews in a way that brings tears to the eyes," according to a correspondent.

Let Us Protect Ourselves.

The physical structure of the strongest human being is vulnerable everywhere. Our bodies are endowed by nature with a certain negative power, which protects them, to some extent, from unwholesome influences; but this protection is imperfect, and cannot be safely relied on in unhealthy regions, or under circumstances of more than ordinary danger. Therefore, it is wisdom; it is prudence; it is common sense to provide against such contingencies, by taking an antidote in advance; in other words, by fortifying the system with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—the most complete protective against all the epidemic and endemic maladies that has ever been administered in any country. As a remedy for Dyspepsia, there is no medicine that will compare with it. Whoever suffers the pangs of indigestion, anywhere on the face of the earth where HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS can be procured, does so voluntarily; for, as surely as truth exists, this invaluable tonic and alterative would restore his disordered stomach to a healthy condition. To the nervous it is also especially recommended, and in cases of confirmed constipation it also affords speedy and permanent relief.

In all cases of fever and ague the BITTERS is more potent than any amount of quinine, while the most dangerous cases of bilious fever yield to its wonderful properties. Those who have tried the medicine will never use another for any of the ailments which the HOSTETTER'S BITTERS professes to subdue. To those who have not made the experiment we cordially recommend an early application to the BITTERS whenever they are stricken by disease of the digestive organs. oct2-5t

☞ A Litchfield (Conn.) clock dealer lately sold a small clock to an Irish woman, who walked off with it under her arm. On her way she turned it bottom upward, and a wire dropped from its position, causing the clock to strike without intermission. Thereupon she returned in trouble, complaining to the merchant, "Sure, an' it's cryin' afther ye already."

Comfort and Bliss, or Pain and Agony.

Dr. Tobias' Celebrated Venetian Liniment, whose wonderful cures, sure and instantaneous action, in cases of Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Croup, Cuts, Burns, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, &c., have astonished the civilized world, is no new catch-penny; but an article that has stood the test of twenty-two years. The enormous sale and rapidly increasing demand is at once the surest evidence of its usefulness and popularity. No family should be without a bottle in the house. Hundreds of dollars and many hours of suffering may be saved by its timely use.

Colic, Cramp, and Dysentery yield at once to its pain-curative properties. It is perfectly innocent, and can be given to the oldest person or youngest child. No matter if you have no confidence in patent medicines—try this, and you will be sure to buy again, and recommend to your friends. Hundreds of physicians recommend it in their practice.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers. Price, 50 cts. and $1. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. oct2-5t

☞ A Sunday-school teacher was giving a lesson on Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop larger handsful of wheat. "Now, children," she said. "Boaz did another very nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her!" said one of the boys.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Persons who have been drugged without benefit, for bilious disorders, dyspepsia or confirmed constipation, will find immediate and permanent relief from this remedy.

A Visit to Byron's Grave.

A few years ago the writer of these lines happened to be in the neighborhood of Newstead Abbey. Having visited the Abbey, he went with some companions to see Hucknall-Torkard Church, where Byron lies buried. When the party reached the dreary, lonely little churchyard, the sextoness met them at the gate and told them they could not enter the church just then, but if they would wait a little they could have admission. Growing confidential, she told them that a lady was then in the church who had begged and stipulated that she was to be allowed to remain there perfectly alone and undisturbed for a short time. The lady had come there before: came there at long intervals; and always thus had the church to herself while she chose to linger in it. The mystery was easily explained. It was the Countess Guiccioli, on a pilgrimage to the grave of her dead lover. After a while she came out; and departed, not casting a glance around her, or even raising her eyes from the ground. Even the most rigid moralist, one would think, might find something pathetic and touching in this sad and sincere pilgrimage. It was rather a disturbance to the feelings it awakened in the breasts of our party, to be invited immediately after visiting the tomb of Byron, to inspect the grave of another celebrated Englishman in the churchyard, of whom the sextoness appeared to think a good deal more than she did of Byron—the tomb of Ben Caunt, the famous prize-fighter, who had then been lately buried in Hucknall-Torkard.—*Galaxy.*

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.
It was the first, and is
THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
In from One to Twenty Minutes,
No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.
The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.
Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.
Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.
Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.
Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.
Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ It is said that Mr. Spurgeon was once asked by a stranger how he managed to get the material for so many sermons, and how he had arrived at so great a knowledge of the spiritual needs of the people. He replied, "Why, sir, I will get a sermon out of you before we part."

IMPORTANT to Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, their parents, widows, orphans to call on or write to E. S. League & Co., No. 135 South 7th st., Philadelphia. sept4-1y

☞ *Tailor (tired out)*—"You have tried on long coats and short coats, light and dark ones, so now please say what you really want." *Fidgety Customer*—"I tell you, sir, I want a coat exactly similar to one I saw somewhere in Broadway."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Aug., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. Jacob F. Dagen to Miss Annie Farell, both of this city.

On the 14th of Sept., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, William H. Hubbard, of New Haven, Conn., to Esther M. Walter, of this city.

On the 16th of Sept., by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, D. D., assisted by the Rev. J. Stinson, Robert Dorman to Sallie J., daughter of Thos. Stinson, Esq., of this city.

On the 14th of Sept., by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, D. D., Mr. John Vanhorn to Mrs. Harriet Rile, both of this city.

On the 16th of Sept., by the Rev. W. P. Breed, Mr. John P. Woolverton to Miss Emilie M. Hamstad, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Sept., Mrs. Sarah Rogers, aged 75 years.

On the 20th of Sept., William A. Elliott, aged 37 years.

On the 20th of Sept., Elizabeth A., wife of Chas. G. Evans.

On the 19th of Sept., William Barnstead, aged 61 years.

On the 19th of Sept., Gerhard Halfmann, aged 51 years.

On the 19th of Sept., Edward T. Farnira, aged 27 years.

On the 18th of Sept., James Johnston, in his 20th year.

On the 17th of Sept., Harry F. Penn, in his 21st year.

On the 18th of Sept., Christopher Palmer, in his 65th year.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is like a race where some succeed
While others are beginning,
'Tis luck in some, in others speed,
That gives an early winning;
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind—
"'Tis better late than never!"

And if you keep ahead 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are out-tripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
"'Tis better late than never!"

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother;
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to do the rest,
"'Tis better late than never."

Choose well the path in which you run—
Succeed by double daring,
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then fret not if you're left behind,
Nor e'er slack your endeavor,
But ever keep this truth in mind—
"'Tis better late than never!"

A Morass Adventure.

In the latter part of last summer, a scanty purse led me, in company with some relatives, to spend my holidays at a little village on the Welsh coast, out of the ordinary beat of tourists, but otherwise remarkable for nothing but its general air of bleakness and sterility. The place was very quiet, and the lodgings were cheap, and tolerably comfortable. These essentials being secured, we had to put up with the scenery, which was not very attractive. A long low line of beach, surmounted by a high pebble ridge, leading on the one hand to the foot of some bold jutting cliffs, and on the other losing itself in an estuary; behind this, a black and dreary-looking bog, stretching three or four miles inland, and intersected in every direction by wide, artificial ditches, and deep, natural fissures connecting the inky pools. A small river flowing into the estuary divides the bog, its course being marked by mounds of peat, cut from the firmer ground which forms its banks. Branching out at right angles to the river are other lines of peat-stacks, following the course of the larger drains, which herald the attempt to cultivate the dreary waste.

This was the view I beheld, as, standing one evening on the top of the stony ridge, I faced eastward. The sinking sun threw my shadow far over the bog, distinctly seen as it fell over the gilded rushes and the crimsoning pools. I had been strolling out with my gun, in the hope of adding some specimens to my cabinet, and was thinking of returning homewards, when a long-legged heron slowly sailed high overhead, in the direction of the river. I watched the bird till it alighted near one of the peat-stacks, and carefully noting the spot, I proceeded to a careful stalk, hoping to secure an acquisition. I contrived to get within seventy yards of the heron, and as there was no cover of any kind nearer, I lay down behind the last mound I had reached, and with finger on the trigger, watched patiently, in the hope that my quarry would feed towards me. I was not disappointed: it gradually approached some yards nearer my hiding-place, and then either caught sight or scent of me, for it suddenly rose, but in so doing came within range. Bang! went both barrels. Uttering a hoarse croak, the heron flew heavily away, keeping close to the ground, and evidently hard hit. I sprang up and followed, jumping the ditches, and avoiding the soft ground as best I could. During one particularly long jump, I lost sight of the heron for a moment; I caught sight of it again just in time to see it fall to the earth as softly as a snow-flake, and lie still with wings outspread to their full stretch. Between the bird and me, however, there was a crevasse wider than any I had yet leaped, and a dozen yards on the other side lay the object of my pursuit. The black slimy sides of the ditch overhung the water, which lay deep and still some six or seven feet below, and a few yards to the right connected with a large pool, having equally high and muddy banks. To the left was a labyrinth of similar ditches. Some distance in front, a broader and straighter crack in the flat expanse showed where the river lay. The bank on which I stood was a foot or two higher than the opposite bank. I describe the situation thus minutely in order to make the reader understand what afterwards happened.

Not liking to lose the prize so nearly in my grasp, I resolved to risk the jump. Laying down the gun, and taking my coat off, I made the effort, and cleared the ditch, only, however, by a few inches. I secured the heron, and smoothing its beautiful plumage, but little injured by the shot, threw it across to the bank from which I had just come. Then, on looking around, I found myself in a sort of *cul de sac*. The bit of firm ground on which I stood was an island, and the only way of escape was the one by which I had arrived. Having to "take off" from a lower level, it was much harder to get back than it had been to come; but as there was no alternative, it had to be tried. I did not leap quite far enough, and pitched with hands and knees together against the edge. There was no vegetation to catch hold of, and after banging on the balance for a few moments, vainly clutching at the mud, I fell backwards with a heavy splash into the water.

Fortunately, I am a good swimmer, and at first, while treading water, the ludicrousness of the affair alone struck me; but when I began to see that it might be difficult to get up those slimy, overhanging banks, I must confess I felt rather frightened. It was impossible to get out at the spot where I had fallen in. I swam farther up the ditch, and trying to bottom it, felt my feet touch the soft tenacious mud, that gave no support, but was ten times more dangerous than the water. The water became shallower as I struggled on, but the muddy bottom refused to give me a standing-place, and the muddy sides afforded no hold for my hands. It at last became so shallow that I had to turn on my back to avoid kicking the mud as I swam, and when in this position, I could push my arms into it with almost as much ease I could push them through the water; but to draw them out again was far from easy. With a horrid fear of being unable to extricate myself from the mud, and of a slow suffocation, I made a sudden dash back into the deeper water, and tried the other ditches, only to be repulsed in the same manner. I swam round and round the pool, seeking for an outlet, and beginning to feel my boots and clothes very heavy. Even now I involuntarily smiled at the comparison which suddenly occurred to me between myself in this plight and a mouse swimming round a bucket of water; but the thought that I too, like it, might be swimming for my life soon drove all ludicrous thoughts out of my head.

Matters now began to look very serious, when I saw a root or branch of some long-buried tree projecting out of the bank. I caught hold of it; but it was not strong enough to enable me to lift myself out of the water. All that I could do was to support myself with my hands just sufficiently to keep my head above the surface. I took this opportunity of kicking off my boots.

Up to this time, I could scarcely realize my position; but now the conviction began to dawn upon me that I might never again see the mother and sisters I had left in the cottage a mile and a half away. I looked up at the sky, in which the twilight was fast giving place to the moonlight, and across which the clouds were merrily driving before the evening breeze; and then I looked at the black and slimy walls which hemmed me in, and felt as though I were about to scream with terror. From my childhood, I have always had a horror of confinement of any kind. I have felt strangely uncomfortable when I have been persuaded into exploring a cave, or when I have been shown through a prison. This feeling I felt now more strongly than the fear of drowning. To die hemmed in by those gloomy walls would be terrible.

To add to the weirdness, a hollow booming sound, almost amounting to a roar, ran through the quivering bog, intensified to me, no doubt, by my imprisonment in the heart of the moss. This, though I had never heard it before, I knew to be the note of the bittern. During the night, it was repeated several times, and anything more weird and dismal it would be hard to imagine.

I had not as yet thought of shouting, but I now did so till I was hoarse. The only answer was the eerie scream of the curlew. The improbability of any one being near enough to hear me so late, struck me, and I desisted from the useless labor. The stillness was intense, broken only at rare intervals by the bittern or curlew. How long I clung to the branch, I do not know. Fortunately, the water was not cold. The clouds had cleared away, and the moon, near the full, shone brightly. Had it been dark, my courage must have given way, and I should most probably have sunk. As it was, I cannot say that I quite despaired of a rescue in some way or other. If I could only hold out till morning, some one might, I conjectured, come for the purpose of carrying away the turf sods, and might see my coat and gun, which would lead to a search. I had not much hope in any search from the village: I had started in the direction of the cliffs, my favorite evening haunt, and I fancied that would be the direction the searchers would take. As the night wore on—oh, so slowly—with the moon so calmly gliding through the stars above me, I fell into a kind of stupor, and I can distinctly remember repeating scraps of verses totally unconnected with each other. From this state, I was aroused by the loud note of some night-bird, probably an owl, and found my arms very stiff from holding on to the root; while my legs felt like weights of lead suspended beneath me. While trying to change my position, I fancied I heard the gurgling sound of running water, and that not far off. I listened intently, and found it was no fancy. Water was evidently running into the pool, and I saw by the root I was clinging to that the water had risen some inches.

A cheering hope sprang up within me, as it flashed across my mind that the tide must be rising, and that the pool must have an outlet into the river.

The thought infused new life into me, and I struck out in the direction of the sound. Then, to my intense joy, I saw distinctly, in the clear moonlight, that the water was streaming in fast through several small inlets, and pouring in quietly and steadily, through one of the ditches I had previously swum up. I knew that if the tide rose another foot or eighteen inches, I could by treading water fast, spring up so high as to be able to catch hold of the top of the bank, and so swing myself up. I knew also that the water could not possibly begin to flow into the bog-pools until it was nearly high tide. Returning to my resting-place, I watched anxiously, the prospect of speedy deliverance banishing all weariness. The water continued to pour in steadily and in greater volume. The dawn was now breaking, and I had not much longer to wait. The water had ceased flowing, and the bank in one place was barely five feet above the water.

Taking a long breath, I let myself sink low, and then treading water as strongly and quickly as possible, I threw half my body above the surface of the pool, and caught the top with one hand. Before the soft earth had time to crumble beneath my weight, I had obtained a firmer grasp with the other hand, and in another moment stood on the moss—saved, drinking in with eager gasps the fresh air of the morning.

The white haze was rapidly clearing away, and through it I saw five or six men hurrying towards me. I have a confused idea of being helped to my lodgings, and of afterwards telling my adventure to many eager questioners.

The soaking I had had, and the exposure to the unhealthy mists which rise from the morass in the night, caused an illness for a time, but the effects soon wore off.

The heron is stuffed, and adorns my cabinet, unconscious of the revenge which overtook its destroyer.

THE MARTYR OF THE ARENA.

Our engraving represents a scene in the Coliseum at Rome. A young Christian named Telemachus, as the account is given, outraged by the brutal gladiatorial combats, leaped the barriers and interposed himself between the combatants. The immediate consequence was that the audience were greatly incensed at having their "sport" interrupted, and stoned him to death. The result, it is said however, was to bring the gladiatorial shows into disrepute, and ultimately to abolish them. As Epes Sargent writes:

"Not in vain the youthful martyr fell,
Then and there he crush'd a bloody creed,
And his high example shall impel
Future heroes to as great a deed.
Stony answers yet remain for those
Who would question and precede the time.
In their season may they meet their foes,
Like Telemachus, with front sublime."

LOVE, HIS OWN AVENGER.

I think that you will miss it sorely yet,
The love you fling so carelessly away:
The passion, murdered cruelly to-day,
Will yet assert its power—in vague regret,
In dull and yearning, in a useless fret;
For the old fondness, willful and astray,
But keen in sympathy, prompt to allay
All rankling wounds in life's long battle met.
At last, when the strange charm that wins so much
Has perished, in Time's weary wasting chain,
When, paralyzed beneath his icy touch,
The strong hands fail, the dark eyes plead in vain,
Then call on me—I think that magic breath
Will even rouse the love you slay from death.

What I Saw of Indian Zoology.

I went out to India with the idea that it was the land of wild beasts. I well remember, when travelling up to Rauceegunj from Calcutta by the railway, which at that time went no farther, how I kept looking out of the carriage window, expecting to see at least a few wolves, if not a tiger or boa-constrictor. As the day was cloudy, I think I *did* succeed in discovering one or two jackals, looking, as they ran away from the train, very like the almost-homely fox. But when I asked my fellow-travellers if I might hope to see the expected objects of terror, they only laughed at my ignorance, and told me how one might live for years in India without ever seeing anything of the kind. They said that they had, in fact, seen more of them in England by visiting the various zoological gardens.

After a long residence in all parts of North India as a missionary, I found this to be quite true. Once or twice, when out in tents, I have heard the distant cry of the wolf; I cannot remember ever to have seen one; and as for the other animals, I only heard of them from gentlemen who had gone up to a particular district, the Terai, or hill jungle, near the Himalaya, where, after some search, they had succeeded in disturbing and shooting a tiger or a bear. These two wild animals are well known by the natives; but I have seldom met any native who had ever heard of such a thing as a lion.

In the same way, when I have told them of the very large serpents whose stuffed skins I had seen in museums at home, the majority could hardly believe that such things existed in any part of the world, much less in India, while a few had heard of them under the Persian name of "dragon."

It is well, then, that people in England should know what their friends out in North India are exposed to. In addition to the fearful heat and the dazzling glare of the burning sun, they have annoyances much more diminutive but not less real than the tiger or the boa-constrictor.

First, there is the scorpion, whose sting, as bad, perhaps, as that of ten hornets, is followed by the most agonising pain for about twenty-four hours, and which sometimes causes the injured part to mortify if not properly treated. These repulsive-looking insects come into our houses chiefly during the rains, and nestle themselves under the rugs and mats, and run over our bath-rooms in a manner which makes it quite dangerous to move about. As for walking in stocking-feet in our bed-rooms, we dare not think of it. Some of them take it into their heads to climb up on our doors, from which, when suddenly shut or opened, they sometimes fall off. I remember once a horrid creature fell in this way on my neck. The effort to keep my hand from rising to brush it off was most painful. The itching sensation and the dread of an immediate sting made my blood run cold. However, I fortunately had presence of mind enough to leave it alone till I had beckoned to a servant, who most cleverly, with one quick swee of the hand, knock it on to the ground, and then stamped it with his shoe.

Another scorpion found its way into the inside of my wife's soft sponge, leaving nothing but its sting exposed. During her short stay in India she had not happened to see one of these dreaded insects. What, then, was my horror when, coming into our room, I found her, after washing her face with the sponge, feeling at something which she described to me as "so hard and so sharp." I went over to look, and there was her finger on the very sting itself, which just then began slowly to move, for the creature was quite alive. But, as the native servants said, God gave her power over the scorpion that it could not hurt her. I took the sponge, saying it was some nasty insect, and, going outside the house, shook out the deadly, creeping thing, and killed it with a stick. It was about two inches long. Two hours after I told my wife what an escape she had, and to this day we keep the sponge as a token of God's goodness to us on that occasion.

The scorpions are numerous in our gardens, and it is most wonderful how the poor native gardeners escape. They are constantly thrusting their hands into rat-holes and other places where such things are lying concealed. One day my native groom stooped down to fill up a hole in the earth which I had observed, and directed his attention to. He instantly started up with a bitter cry. He had been stung by a large black scorpion, while the gardener, who was near, told me that for thirty years he had been constantly putting his hand into such holes, and had never once been stung.

But this reminds me, as I walk about our pretty fruit-garden I hear a little bird making an unnatural, gurgling noise. Looking round, I see it fluttering about three feet over the ground, and in a state of great excitement. I know at once by the well-known sound, that it is being fascinated by a snake. Calling aloud ("Kei-hai, or "Quihye") for my dark-colored and ever-watchful servants, I run with my stick, and with one blow just on the neck, disable a serpent about seven feet long. It is of the largest kind I have ever seen in their natural state. These are not poisonous; they sometimes, however, give a very severe blow with their tail. The dangerous kind are much smaller, from six inches to three feet long, and are not so common as the larger kind. These reptiles also at times come uninvited into our houses.

One morning, after a night of heavy rain, I was walking up and down one of my rooms reading an important letter, and, wishing for more light, I turned suddenly to open a Venetian door, outside which some natives were sitting. The shock brought down a little snake about a foot and a half long, and very poisonous, which must have been on the top of the door. It fell on my arm, and gliding round to my hand, felt so cold that I dashed it off to the ground with great force. The natives outside shouted out first that I had been poisoned, for they saw by its spots what a venomous snake it was. When, however, I quietly walked over to them, they said that by the power of God I had shaken off the serpent. Many who have been long in India become so accustomed to keep their eyes on the ground, for fear of treading on a snake, that they could not possibly advance on foot with their gaze on any object above the earth. The attempt to do so is just like trying to keep the eye from blinking.

There is another most disagreeable nuisance, experienced only by those who go out in tents or sleep under trees. It is the black, hairy caterpillar, called by the natives "Kamla." This is so very poisonous that if it only falls on any one, or if even a single hair touches the body in any part, it produces a most irritating rash, which spreads rapidly over the whole body. I did not believe this latter fact about the single hair till I had myself experienced it in the following way. One day I saw a small insect of this kind creeping across my verandah. Knowing well how they ought to be avoided, I got a bit of stick to push it away. I had killed it and got it to the edge when the stick broke, so I gave it one touch with my slipper. Immediately after I wiped the slipper carefully on a mat and examined it, to see there were none of the hairs sticking to it. I could see nothing of the kind; but one at least must have remained, though perhaps invisible, for a few days afterwards, having occasion hastily to change my clothes, some part of them touched the slipper, and then was drawn along my leg, and as it touched, the poisonous rash arose on the skin, and for several days I was almost helpless, finding relief only from constant applications of butter. How this homœopathic dose of poison acts on the system I leave for cleverer heads to find out.

The centipede is another most annoying insect. It sometimes creeps over the face or hands of a person lying asleep, who wakes up in the morning with a most painful itching, which gradually rises into a dangerous rash. Should the sleeper awake at the time and attempt to pull the insect off, it fixes its poisonous claws all the more tightly into the skin, and will scarce let go when touched by a red-hot iron. I have myself escaped this torture, but have often witnessed the sufferings of my friends.

There is another very small persecutor, which gives annoyance chiefly to ladies—the flying bug. This little insect, something like a diminutive beetle, comes flying into our rooms, during the rains, as soon as the lamps are lit, and drops on our plates and dishes, and even into our tumblers, leaving behind a very strong and disagreeable odor. It is sometimes almost amusing to observe the confusion caused by a few such little torturers at a dinner-party.

I was going to speak of mosquitoes and other minor zoological annoyances, but I have already said enough about what I may call the too-familiar natural history of India.

HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on
By paths we did not know;
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days,
We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life—
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain—
After our toils are past—
Will give us rest at last.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[In order that new subscribers who commence taking THE POST with the present number, may be able to go on with Mrs. Wood's story, we give the following brief summary of the previous chapters:—

George Canterbury is a very wealthy English gentleman of over sixty years of age. He has four daughters, Olive, Jane, Millicent (Leta) and Lydia—the last being married to a gentleman named Dunn.

Mrs. Kage is a lady of aristocratic connections, but small means. She has one daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, named Caroline. The mother is affected and insincere—the daughter fond of luxury and distinction, and having a horror of becoming the wife of a poor man.

Caroline's cousin, Thomas Kage, is a poor young lawyer, of good abilities and fine character. He loved Caroline, and both Caroline and Millicent Canterbury (who have been bosom friends) love him. Caroline had concealed her own love from Millicent.

Thomas Kage proposes to Caroline, having an offer of a fair position in India, but is refused—for Caroline cannot bring her mind to the thought of economical living with any man, even the one she loves best. He therefore concludes to remain at home, and practise his profession.

In the meantime old Mr. Canterbury pays more attention to dress, mounts a wig, proposes to Caroline, and (to her mother's great joy) is accepted. The wedding takes place in a short time—the "happy couple" make the usual wedding tour—and the bride and her adoring husband return home.

There are several other characters, but we think the reader is best left with the above brief outline.]

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHADOW OF THE FUTURE.

The rejoicings at the christening of an heir to the goodly estate of the Rock were beginning to die away in neighboring ears. The bonfires were burnt out, the ashes of the fireworks scattered to the far winds, the tenants and laborers had digested the dinner and the drink, and things had quietly settled down again. Such rejoicings! both indoors and out; and all because a poor little infant had come into this world of trouble.

Legally speaking, he was not born the heir, for the estate was not entailed, and Mr. Canterbury, its owner, could bequeath it to whom he would. Little danger, though, that he would leave it away from this child of his old age; no urchin, playing at soldiers in a sword and feather bought at the fair, was ever half so vain-glorious as was Mr. Canterbury over this new baby.

The child was born on the 18th of August, which had also been, rather singular to say, his mother's wedding-day twelve months before. Only one short twelvemonth! and yet strange changes had taken place in it. The Miss Canterburys had quitted the Rock, and Mrs. Kage spent so much of her time there, that it might almost be said she had made it her home.

Lydia Dunn's prophecy—that her sisters would be driven from their home by its new mistress—had turned out to be a true one; and that lady of strong common sense would have been full of self-gratulation accordingly, but for the indignant pity that was burning her to her fingers' ends.

Young Mrs. Canterbury, indulged to folly by her husband, had commenced her sway at her new home as if she thought the world was made for her exclusively. At first—quite at first—she seemed inclined to be pleasant, and to consider others as well as herself; but she speedily fell into the mistake, that some, in a like position, had made before her—that of seeking to bend every one by whom she was surrounded to her own capricious and sovereign will. It is possible that she might not have tried to break the peace of the Miss Canterburys, but for the secret urging to it of her mother. Nay, it is not too much to say that Caroline might have been sufficiently well-disposed towards them, might have let them be happy in their father's home in her indifferent, thoughtless temperament, but for the private promptings of Mrs. Kage. *She* wanted them out of it.

The young ladies bore in silence as long as they could. They *wished* to bear, and to be considerate to their father's wife, yielding to her all proper deference. But when it came to thwartings of their will and petty galling tyranny, to taunt but very palpable insult, then Olive turned. Not in the same spirit, but grandly and loftily, essaying to bring reasoning and calm remonstrance to bear. Young Mrs. Canterbury resented it, and unpleasantness ensued. Mrs. Kage, like an amiable fox, stepped in to heal the breach, and made it ten times wider. It was impossible but that Olive should detect the motive of all this—that they should be driven from the Rock, so that it might be left entirely free for Mrs. Canterbury and her mother.

She appealed to Mr. Canterbury. There was appealing and counter-appealing. That gentleman threw the whole blame back on his daughters. He was quite honest in doing it, for he could only believe them to be in fault: had an angel whispered to him that his wife could be wrong, he would have disbelieved it. With his new idol by his side in all her beauty, and the Honorable Mrs. Kage whispering sweetly-insidious whispers into his ear every other hour in the day, how could it be otherwise? Ere Christmas had well turned, the ill-fated young ladies could bear it no longer, and were compelled to acknowledge themselves driven from their childhood's home, to find refuge elsewhere. It was arranged that they should remove to a pretty house on the estate called Thornhedge Villa; Mr. Canterbury setting them up with all things he thought necessary, including a carriage, and covenanting to allow them fifteen hundred a-year. He assumed that it would be but a temporary separation; that they would soon "make it up" with his wife and return to the Rock. "Oh, of course, dear sir, nothing but temporary; they'll speedily come to their senses," said Mrs. Kage, softly acquiescent. And so, on a cold, bitter day in February, when the icicles hung from the trees, and snow was falling, George Canterbury's daughters went out of their luxurious home, to take possession of the comparatively humble dwelling, Thornhedge Villa.

One great feature in the programme of young Mrs. Canterbury's visions had to be dispensed with—the season in London. How ardently she had anticipated it, none save herself could tell. The presentation at Court, with its attendant outlet for gratified vanity—the opera-box, the balls, the park, the thousand-and-one features of aristocratic London life—had all to be postponed to another year. Ere the time fixed on for removing thither—April—Caroline had fallen into so weak and suffering a state of health, that she herself was not the last to know and say she could not stir from the Rock. George Canterbury, while bewailing the fact in great anxiety, felt nevertheless quite aglow with pride and hope, in his consciousness that it was within the range of probability an heir would in course of time be born. The neighbors for miles round hoped the anticipated heir would turn out a girl; for they were brimful of sympathy for the wrongs of George Canterbury's daughters. And so the time went on to August, and on the 18th of that month doubts and fears were solved by the little child's birth—a boy.

But the year, apart from their sorrow, had not been altogether destitute of event for the Miss Canterburys. Jane was engaged to be married. An attachment had existed for some time between her and Mr. Rufort, the new Rector of Chilling. Just before Christmas, he had made proposals for her formally to Mr. Canterbury, and been accepted. His father, Lord Rufort, offered no objection to the match; but he privately told his son he ought to have done much better in point of family. Austin laughed: his reverence for "family" was not so great as his father's; and the stern old lord condescended to say that Miss Jane Canterbury's wealth would in a great degree atone for the other deficiency.

It was a fine night in the beginning of October. The rejoicings at the birth of the heir had died away, as already said, and Chilling was quiet again. Mr. Rufort was spending the evening with the Miss Canterburys at Thornhedge Villa; which, in point of fact, was nothing unusual. They had drawn away from the lights to collect round the large French window of the drawing-room; it opened to the sloping lawn outside, with its tufts of geraniums and other sweet autumn flowers. The night was very beautiful—calm and still and clear; the hunter's moon shone brightly in the heavens. It was growing time for Mr. Rufort to depart; they had had some music, had talked of various subjects of interest, gossip and else, and so the evening had rapidly passed. Only that day week they had been at the Rock, at the christening of the little boy-baby. A fearfully grand affair, that christening. Mr. Rufort, as rector of Chilling, had but assisted at it; nobody less than a bishop was allowed to perform the ceremony. In quitting the Rock as their residence, the Miss Canterburys—gentle, right-minded ladies—had not brought matters to a rupture; amicable relations existed, so to say, still, at which the Honorable Mrs. Kage looked on with a green, wary, jealous eye. Only this very afternoon, Mrs. Canterbury's carriage had stopped at Thornhedge Villa, and Mrs. Canterbury herself, lovely and more bloomiug than ever, had come in to pay a visit. One fact the young ladies could not help noticing: that they were not encouraged to go to the Rock at will. If invited on any chance state occasion, well and good; but otherwise they were not expected at it. Ah, they had a great deal to bear! But the evening was over; Mr. Rufort could not linger, and shook hands with them.

"I may as well go out this way," he observed, opening the half-window.

"But your hat," said Miss Canterbury. "Ring, Millicent."

"Do not ring; I have it here," he interposed, taking from his pocket a cloth cap, doubled into a small compass. "There," said he, exhibiting it on his hand for their inspection; "what do you think of it? I call it my weather-cap. If I am fetched out at night, I put on this, tie it over my ears, and so defy wind and rain."

"You had no wind or rain to-night," remarked Millicent.

"No; but in coming out I could not find my hat. It is a failing of mine, that of losing my things in all corners of the house. I sadly want somebody to keep me in order," he added, looking at Jane.

"Some men never can be kept in order," interposed Millicent rather saucily, with a touch of her old light spirit, which, from some cause or other, had been sadly heavy for a long while.

"I am not one of those," laughingly replied Mr. Rufort. "Well, good-night, Jane, you may as well come as far as the gate with me.

Jane glanced at Olive as she would have glanced to a mother; Miss Canterbury had been regarded by the others almost in the light of one. Mr. Rufort held the glass-door wide for her, and she stepped on to the gravel path; he then closed the window, and held out his arm. Jane finished tying her pocket-handkerchief round her throat, and took it. He walked bareheaded.

"Put on your cap, Austin."

"All in good time," he replied.

"You will take cold."

"Cold, Jane! A clergyman is not fit for his work if he cannot stand for an hour with his head uncovered in bad weather—and to-night is fine. If you saw the model of a guy this elegant cap makes of me and my beauty, you might take it in your head to reject me."

Jane smiled; her own quiet, confiding smile; and Mr. Rufort looked at her and drew her arm closer against his side.

"I AM IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE. STAND ASIDE!"

"Jane, I had a selfish motive in bringing you out with me. It was to tell you that the rectory wants a mistress, and the parish wants a mistress, and I want a wife. We cannot get along as we are."

"Mr. Annesley had no—" wife, Jane was going to say, but stopped herself ere the word fell. "The rectory and the parish had no mistress in his time," she resumed, framing her answer more to her satisfaction, "and he got along, Austin."

"After a fashion; a miserable fashion it must have been. That's one cause why things have tumbled into their present state. *I* don't mean to let them be without one long."

Like the arguments of a great many more people, Mr. Rufort's, strictly examined, would not have held water. If the late Rector had not (for many years at least) had a wife, the rectory and the parish had had in his daughter a most efficient mistress. Mr. Rufort, so far, was but speaking in jest, as Jane knew."

"Here we are at the gate," she said. "And now I must go back, or Olive will be calling to me. She is watching me from the window, I am sure, to see that I don't linger."

"Not she. She knows you are safe with me."

"Oh, certainly; but she is always fancying we shall take cold."

"You take cold? I declare I forgot that. I beg your pardon for my thoughtlessness, Jane. Well, then, I will not keep you now, but I shall speak further to-morrow."

He threw his arm round her waist with a quick movement, and drew her behind the shrubbery which skirted the gate, so that they were hidden from the house. And there he imprinted kiss after kiss upon her unresisting face.

"Oh, my goodness?" groans the fastidious reader. "A clergyman?"

"Well, of course it was grievously improper. But, as it did happen, where's the use of hypocritically concealing it?"

"Jane, my darling," he murmured, 'I must have you at the rectory before Christmas. Think it over."

"As you will," she softly answered.

With the last kiss Mr. Rufort opened the gate, swung through it, and took the path that led to the rectory. Jane stood a moment to watch him: she saw him put on his "guy of a cap;" she saw him turn and nod to her in the moonlight: and she clasped her hands together with a movement of happy thankfulness, thinking how very much she loved him. Olive, anxious on the score of the night-air, for she did not fancy Jane was particularly strong, tapped at the window, and the young lady ran in.

The following afternoon, as the Miss Canterburys were crossing the Rock-field, as it was called, on their way home, they saw Mr. Rufort at a distance. He turned to meet them; but his step seemed slow and weary; his face wore a vexed, grave look. Millicent noticed it.

"He has been annoyed with some parish business or other, surmised Olive; "though it must be more than a trifle to affect Mr. Rufort. I must say, Jane, you will have a good-tempered husband. If Austin has no other praisable quality, he has that of a sweet temper."

"I think he has a great many others," returned Jane, in her quiet way. And Olive laughed.

Mr. Rufort came up. After a minute spent in greeting, he touched Jane, and caused her to slacken her pace. Miss Canterbury and Millicent walked on.

"Jane," said he, when the distance between them had increased, "what is this barrier that has come, or is coming, between us?"

Jane Canterbury looked at him for a few moments in silent surprise. His face was pale; he was evidently agitated.

"I do not know what you are speaking of, Austin," she said at length.

"My father rode over to-day, and told me, without any preparation or circumlocution, that things must be at end between us. And when I asked him what he meant, and wherefore it was to be, he said I might ask that of Mr. Canterbury. Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing," said Jane—"nothing." And her look of consternation too plainly indicated that she had not. "But did Lord Rufort give you no further explanation?"

"I could get nothing else from him. He was in that inaccessible humor of his, which is a sure indication that something has gone wrong. He did not get off his horse. Mrs. Kage, who in passing had stepped inside the rectory gate to look at my autumn flowers, was with me in the garden when he rode up. He made a sign to me with his whip and I went out. The groom had drawn up close behind, and my father, seeing this, said, 'Ride on, sir;' and of course Richard rode on. I knew by the sharp tone all was not smooth; and then he told me what I have said to you, just in so many words."

Jane's heart was beating.

"What was it he meant about my father?"

"I asked an explanation. He seemed too angry, or too—if I may use the word—too lofty to give it; and said I had best inquire that of Mr. Canterbury. 'Or of the neighborhood either, for it is no secret,' he added, as he rode off, barely lifting his hat to Mrs. Kage, who had come to the gate."

"Papa was with us this morning," observed Jane. "He appeared just the same as usual, and did not hint at anything amiss; indeed, he was joking with me, and asked when I meant to take up my residence at the rectory. Do you think there can be any mistake—any misapprehension on Lord Rufort's part?"

"Misapprehension of what?" debated Mr. Rufort, standing still as he asked the question.

She could not say; she could not imagine what, more than he. Both were completely at sea. One fact was indisputable—that Lord Rufort, sedate, sure, cautious, was the last man in the world to take up a mistaken notion, no matter what it might relate to. That some trouble or other had arisen, they felt very certain; and a miserable sense of discomfort took possession of both. Mr. Rufort was the first to speak.

"Whatsoever it may be, Jane, let us prepare to meet it," he impressively said, laying his hand upon her arm, and gazing into her eyes. "We are no longer children, and may not be dealt with as such. To fly in the face of parental authority and marry in defiance of it, is what, with our professed feelings and principles, we could neither of us do; but on the other hand, no father, whether yours or mine, can be justified in attempting to separate us. Therefore, should a storm be bursting over our heads, we will wait with what patience we may until it is weathered, implicitly trusting in each other's faith, secure in each other's love. Do you understand me, my dearest?"

"Yes," she sighed; "and I think you are right, Austin. I promise to be guided by you in all things. I know you will not lead me wrong."

He snatched her hand and clasped it. They were in the open field, or he might have snatched something else.

"Then we rest secure in mutual faith and truth," he said as they began to walk on. "Whatsoever shall betide, you are still mine: remember that, Jane."

Olive and Millicent had stopped, and were looking back. Olive thought they seemed agitated, and she wondered: the calm-natured, easy-mannered minister, the sensible, tranquil Jane. Could anything be wrong?

"Walk on and wait at the stile," said Miss Canterbury to Millicent, whom she was a little apt to consider a child still. And so Millicent went on, and Olive took a few steps backward to meet them.

"Is anything amiss, Mr. Rufort?"

"Austin, let us tell Olive," was Jane's hurried whisper.

"Of course," he answered. "I intended to do so."

Olive listened to his explanation, and smiled a little as she did so. In her way she was every whit as lofty as Lord Rufort, in mind and manner too. That anything could be supposed to happen sufficient to separate Jane and Austin Rufort, short of their own free will, she looked upon in the light of a simple absurdity. Mistakes, misapprehensions, were common enough in the world, she observed; this must be one.

"Not the least-to-be comprehended part the whole is, that my father should have said it was no secret in the neighborhood," observed Mr. Rufort.

"Yes, that certainly sounds a little curious," assented Olive.

"The most feasible construction I can put upon it is, that his lordship and Mr. Canterbury may have had some quarrel," continued Mr. Rufort. "Though how my father can construe that into a reason for my giving up Jane, I cannot conceive. He is not an unjust man."

"I feel thoroughly sure that when we saw papa this morning, he had no quarrel whatever with Lord Rufort," replied Olive; "and I feel almost as sure that they have not met since. Papa left us before one o'clock to go home to an early luncheon, for he and Mrs. Canterbury were going out afterwards to pay some visit; and we saw the carriage drive by with them."

"They cannot have met Lord Rufort, and—and—had any disagreement then?" hesitated Jane.

"Nonsense, Jane," reproved Olive; "they would not dispute in the presence of Mrs. Canterbury. To suppose either of them likely to dispute, under any circumstances, seems to me excessively improbable. Who is it that Leta is talking to over the stile so eagerly? Oh, Mr. Carlton."

"Is it Carlton?" cried the rector. "They are discussing the world's private affairs, then, for he hears all the gossip and can keep nothing in. But I must leave you for the present, Miss Canterbury; I shall see you to-night. Good-bye, Jane."

He struck across the field, and they walked on leisurely towards the stile. Millicent turned, and ran back to meet them in haste and unmistakable excitement.

"What is it, Leta?" asked Miss Canterbury.

"Oh, Olive!" was the reply, and Millicent was breathless as she spoke it, "I don't fully understand what it is. Mr. Carlton has been telling me something about papa."

"What has he been telling you?"

Millicent entered on the tale as succinctly as her agitation permitted her. Between that, and her own imperfect knowledge, it was not very clear. It appeared that as she reached the stile, when sent forward by Olive, their old friend, Mr. Carlton of Chilling Hall, was passing down the road in his pony-gig. Seeing Millicent, he stopped, got out, and went to her.

"My dear," he began, without greeting or circumlocution, "tell your sisters that I have refused to act, for I will never have a hand in robbing them or you."

"In robbing us, Mr. Carlton!" was Leta's surprised rejoinder.

"To give your patrimony to others and turn you out penniless is a robbery, and nothing less," continued Mr. Carlton; "therefore I have informed my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help him in his injustice, for I won't. Tell your sisters this, my dear; and tell them that if they should be stripped of their rights, they shall come home to the Hall and be my daughters."

This was what had passed; and what Millicent now repeated to her sisters nearly word for word.

"Was this all?" asked Olive, as the recital ceased.

"All," said Millicent. "Mr. Carlton had to run on to the pony, which would not stand, and I came to you. What can it mean, Olive? Does Mrs. Canterbury wish papa to take from us the income he allows and turn us from Thornhedge Villa, as she did—for it was her doing—from the Rock?"

"No," answered Miss Canterbury, drawing up her head in her haughty way, "papa will not allow her to go that length, I think. The world must have got hold of some preposterous and improbable invention, and poor Mr. Carlton has heard it. He takes in everything, whether true or false. Why, Millicent, you could have contradicted it on the spot; was not papa with us this morning, kind as ever?"

"This is what has reached the ears of Lord Rufort, then," remarked Jane.

"No doubt. Lord Rufort is known to be a gold-worshipper, and Austin's living is small. How can so improbable a tale have arisen?"

When they reached the stile, the first object visible was Mr. Carlton, standing by his pony-gig a short way down the road. Something was amiss with the harness, and he was setting it to rights.

"Mr. Carlton, where did you pick up that sublime information?" inquired Olive, walking up to him.

"What?" asked he, busy with his straps and buckles.

"That we are to be consigned to the Union to-morrow, and our house and furniture lot to the highest bidder, plate included?" she said, with good-humored sarcasm.

"Did Leta tell you that?"

"Something equivalent to it," laughed Olive.

"She did, did she? A young goose! I perceive you have kept it from her; I saw she did not understand me; so I laid the blame on my pony, poor quiet creature, and flew away from her, without saying more. Miss Olive, I am truly sorry; this infatuation of your father's has given me a sleepless night. Had I ever supposed this was to be the upshot, I'd have seen Mrs. Kage hanged before I'd have consented to stand father-in-church at the wedding.

Olive felt herself in the dark. And it was not a pleasant darkness by any means.

"Will you please inform me what there is to be sorry for, Mr. Carlton, and what is the nature of my father's 'infatuation?' There's many a foolish tale concocted in the village club-room."

Mr. Carlton turned from his harness to look at her. He was a genial-looking man, with a ruddy countenance, silver hair, and dark, pleasant eyes.

"Are you asking me this seriously, Olive? Or are you carrying on a jest with me?"

"Nay," said Olive, "are you carrying on a jest with us? Is there, or is there not, anything to tell? Papa was with us this morning; he hinted at nothing; he was as kind and talkative as usual."

"Then you don't know it?" cried Mr. Carlton in amaze.

"I know nothing. What is there to know?"

"My dear Miss Olive, I surely believed you knew all—more, indeed, than I do. I thought I understood from Mr. Canterbury that his daughters were privy to the arrangement; I fully thought he said so. It must have been my own mistake."

Olive waited; she supposed he would come to the point in time. Mr. Carlton appeared to be revolving matters while he stood. Suddenly he struck the shaft of the gig with emphasis.

"Well, I *don't* regret having told you, my dear. No, I don't. It would be a cruel thing for it to come upon you like a thunderbolt when he was gone."

"But you have not told me, Mr. Carlton. See how patiently I am waiting to hear it."

"Your father dropped me a note some days ago saying he was going to make his will, and asking me if I would oblige him by being one of the executors," began Mr. Carlton, plunging into the story. "I dropped a note back to say Yes. But I reminded him that I was born in the same year that he was, and that his life, so far as anybody knew, was just as good as mine. Don't you think it is, Miss Olive?"

"Yes. Pray go on."

"Well, the will was prepared; and I conclude we should have been called upon to sign shortly. But yesterday morning when I was at the Rock, in talking of it with Mr. Canterbury, I said to him—just as old friends do say such things to each other—that I hoped he had taken good care of his daughters. And, to my utter surprise, I found he had cut you off with the most paltry sum conceivable—five thousand each."

A spot of glowing vermillion shone forth from Miss Canterbury's cheeks. They burnt like fire.

"So I told him I would be no executor to that will; and therefore, if he could not make a better, he must find somebody else to act, I wouldn't. And away I came in a huff, and nearly fell over Mrs. Canterbury, who was at the study-door when I opened it. Miss Olive"—and the speaker dropped his voice to a whisper, as if afraid the pony might hear, or the hedges on either side—"I think young madam must have been listening, though I'd not have such a hint get abroad for all the money ever coined. And her mother was peeping her old face round the boudoir-door *seeing* that she did it."

"The property is left to Mrs. Canterbury!" remarked Olive, her eyes flashing.

"Of course. To her and the boy between them. I was too hot and vexed to retain the particulars, but I can get them if I want to. Its being willed away from you and your sisters was too much for me. Why, Miss Olive, the least he could do would be to leave you fifty thousand apiece, seeing that you were but lately heiresses to all of it. Or let him be *just*, in spite of his new wife and boy, and halve the whole."

Old friend though Mr. Carlton was, almost like a second father, Olive Canterbury almost disdained to discuss the affair with him. It was not the loss of the money, so much as the injustice in itself that angered her.

"How did this family-matter get abroad?" she asked somewhat abruptly.

"Oh, it is known everywhere," was the Irish answer. "We were talking about it at the magistrates' meeting at Aberton yesterday."

"Who told it there?" persisted Olive. "Did you?"

"I don't think I did; I am not sure, though. I know we began talking of it all in a hurry, and forgot to send up the memorial about a prisoner to the Secretary of State. When the meeting was over, Lord Rufort came out with me, and asked me the particulars."

"Your poor tongue!" thought Olive.

"And that's all, my dear. And don't you forget, if this wholesale thieving is carried out and you are deprived of your own, that there's more than room for you and Leta at the Hall—Jane will be at the rectory, I suppose. You must come to it and be my daughters."

He shook her hand as he spoke, and, hastily ascending to his gig, drove off out of her sight, for his eyes were filling. Miss Canterbury went back to her sisters, who had waited for her at the stile.

"I cannot stay to say anything now, Jane," hastily spoke Olive, purposely anticipating questions. "Walk home now with Millicent, will you? I am going into Chilling again."

"To Chilling!"

"Yes, I have business there."

She was accustomed to rule things in this decisive way, and they never thought of questioning it. But Jane glanced at her watch. Their dinner-hour was six, and it wanted but half an hour to it.

"If you go back now, Olive, you will not be home in time to dress."

"Then I must dispense with dressing for one evening—or with dinner," was the reply; and Olive's tone as she spoke was very bitter.

Leaving her sisters standing in surprise, Miss Canterbury went back along the field-path; it was rather shorter than the road-way. To say she felt indignant at the news breathed into her ear would not be saying half enough; but the first thing to be done was to ascertain if the tale were true, for Mr. Carlton's information was not always to be depended on. He was as a very woman for gossip, and sometimes, quite unconsciously to himself, took up an aspect of reports that was afterwards found to be quite the reverse of fact. That no one but Mr. Norris, the family solicitor, would be employed upon legal business by her father, she felt sure. His office was at Aberton; his residence at Chilling, not far from the parsonage. He was a man in extensive practice, and moved in good society. Olive went straight to his house, and found he had just got home.

Mr. Norris came to her in the drawing-room. The young ladies knew him well; but, in spite of his mixing with them on an apparent equality, Olive was fully conscious of the real distance that existed. It peeped out this evening in her manner; and in her heart she was resenting his having been in any way a participator in making so unjust a will. She turned to face him as he came in, and spoke without any preface of compliments, her air and voice alike redolent of command.

"Mr. Norris, what is this I hear about my father's will?"

"How have you heard it?" was the rejoinder of Mr. Norris.

Olive darted a glance at him from beneath her haughty eyelids, which plainly inquired by what right he put the question; and the lawyer understood it perfectly.

"I heard it in the same way that others have heard it; it is the common topic of the neighborhood. Did you make it for him?"

"I did. The reason I inquired where you had heard it, Miss Canterbury, was that I hoped it might have been from himself. I think if Mr. Canterbury would only converse with his daughters respecting it, he might be brought to see his decision in a different light. Pray be seated, Miss Canterbury."

"I prefer to stand. Will you give me the heads of the will?"

"I find that its particulars have really got abroad, so that I can have no scruple in doing so," he replied. "I cannot but think Mr. Carlton is the traitor: not an intentional one, poor man; but, if ever a secret dose get intrusted to him, it is a secret no longer."

"What is the amount willed to me and my sisters?" impatiently interrupted Miss Canterbury.

"Five thousand pounds each."

"Shameful!" responded her heart. "And the rest to Mrs. Canterbury?" she inquired, aloud.

"Mrs. Canterbury has her settlement, and a very large sum besides; but the bulk of the property is left to the infant. In case of its death, it becomes Mrs. Canterbury's."

"All of it?"

"All. It passes to her absolutely and unconditionally."

"Does the Rock pass to her?"

"The Rock, and also its large revenues."

"Mr. Norris, do you call this a just will?"

"It is the most unjust will I ever made!" he replied with warmth. "I said so to Mr. Canterbury. I assure you, Miss Canterbury, that if you and your sisters have been thus dealt by, it was not for want of remonstrance on my part. All I could venture to urge, in my position as legal adviser, I did urge; but Mr. Canterbury has in this instance proved himself a self-willed client."

"My father must have been influenced, as he has been in other matters," remarked Miss Canterbury. And Mr. Norris's raised eyebrows and expression of countenance told that he more than agreed with her. "Is the will signed?"

"No. There is some delay in consequence of Mr. Carlton's refusing to act as executor. When he heard what were the provisions of the will, he turned on Mr. Canterbury and said he would not act: he came to my office at Aberton, and told me. Carlton said he had hitherto managed to keep his hands from dabbling with injustice, and hoped to do so still."

"Who are the other executors?"

"There is only one other named—Mrs. Canterbury."

"Oh," said Olive.

"Since Mr. Carlton's refusal to act, I have seen Mr. Canterbury, and again urged upon him that a more equitable disposal should be made. I gained nothing by it, I fear."

"What was Mr. Canterbury's reply?"

"He said that he had been advised it was not an unequitable disposal: that a wife and son generally inherited to the exclusion of daughters."

"Advise!" scornfully ejaculated Olive. "Mrs. Kage has had to do with this—more than Mrs. Canterbury. Does he call five thousand pounds a fitting portion for us, brought up in the luxury we have been, and with our expectations?"

"I submitted that question to him, Miss Canterbury, almost in the same words you have used. He replied, that you already inherited five thousand pounds each by the death of your mother—as is the case—and that five thousand more would make it ten thousand."

"Ten thousand pounds for the daughters of Mr. Canterbury of the Rock!" was Olive's resentful comment.

"Ten thousand, all told," quietly replied the lawyer. "Mrs. Kage has a like sum."

"A like sum! Bequeathed by my father?"

Mr. Norris inclined his head in the affirmative.

Olive's breath left her. A hundred remonstrances rose to her mind, a hundred indignant protests to her lips. So many, so tumultuous were they, that none were uttered.

"Is there no appeal, no redress against these unjust wills?" she exclaimed, when her silence had spent itself.

"The only appeal can lie in getting the testator to revoke them," he replied, looking meaningly at Miss Canterbury. "When once the testator has passed away, the will becomes law, and must be carried out. I will urge the bearings of the case again on Mr. Canterbury, but—"

"No," interrupted Miss Canterbury, "it is his family who must urge it upon him: if only to save his name from reproach."

"I was about to say so," returned the lawyer. "It is Mr. Canterbury's family—in fact *you*, Miss Canterbury, who must deal with this. If you cannot prevail with him, no one can; there's not a chance of it."

Olive knew it well.

"I will delay the execution of the will as long as possible, Miss Canterbury, in the hope that I may be furnished with instructions to make a different one. I told Mr. Canterbury I would charge nothing for drawing a fresh one out. Not—pardon me—to save his pocket, but that he might see how urgent I considered the necessity to be."

"Thank you, Mr. Norris," frankly spoke Olive. "I was blaming you in my heart when I came in, but I perceive no fault lies with you."

She shook hands with him. He attended her to the door, and she departed on her walk back across the Rock-field, plunged into deep reflection. That this terrible, barefaced act of injustice was owing almost entirely to Mrs. Kage, Olive felt sure: Caroline, let alone, would never have thought of being so grasping. And Olive was right.

In point of fact, that honorable lady had been feathering her nest pretty considerably ever since the marriage. Her daughter largely helped her; there could be no question of it. Mrs. Kage's former modest household of two servants had been augmented by a smart lady's-maid named Fry. A beautiful pony-carriage—kept at the Rock—was devoted to her special service, and Mrs. Kage, with a parasol in one hand and scent-bottle in the other, went about in it, driven by a natty boy-groom. A close carriage was at her service whenever she chose to send and order it. Her table was munificently supplied with the choicest fruit from the Rock-gardens when she did not dine at the Rock. Fish and other delicacies came daily to her from Aberton. Her attire was now magnificent, especially in the respect of costly old lace, and pinching in money-matters was at an end. In short, Mrs. Kage's lines had dropped into pleasant places; and there could be no question that her daughter's marriage with George Canterbury had brought *to her* all its hoped-for realization.

This assistance might have been carried out for her mother twice over, had Mrs. Canterbury so pleased, and nobody found fault with it. To Mr. Canterbury's great wealth it was as a drop of water to the ocean. But to will away the daughters' inheritance was a very different affair; and so little necessity was there for anything of the kind, Mr. Canterbury's riches being amply sufficient to provide munificently for all, that a doubt crossed Olive, as she walked along the field, of Mrs. Kage's sanity. Tracing events back, she could see that it was all a part of one deep-laid scheme; and Mrs. Kage had driven them from the Rock to have room to work it out. The birth of the child had been made a pretext for Mrs. Kage's taking up her abode at the Rock; she had not yet come away from it. With that wily, plotting, soft-speaking woman ever at his elbow, Olive felt that her chance of being heard to effect was very small indeed. Bitterly she deplored her father's pliant, yielding disposition, and the strange ascendancy it had enabled the new wife and the crafty mother-in-law to gain over him.

When she reached home, she imparted the news to her sisters; and they spent the evening talking it over with the Reverend Mr. Rufort. It was decided that Olive should proceed to the Rock the following day, and see what impression she could make upon her father.

"I heartily wish you success, Miss Canterbury," were Mr. Rufort's last words to her, when he was leaving.

"You cannot wish it more than I do. Putting our own interests aside, I would not that my father, for his own sake, should leave behind him so unjust a will, for his name would lie under obloquy for ever."

But, notwithstanding the words, there lay an instinct on Miss Canterbury's heart that she should *not* prevail; and the whole night long she never closed her eyes.

She reached the Rock in the morning between eleven and twelve, when she knew her father would most probably be alone in the library. The initiative preliminary of the visit was not propitious. The servant who opened the door to her happened to be a fresh one; a fine gentleman just arrived from London as own footman to Mrs. Canterbury. Olive walked straight into the hall without speaking. The man stared, and then seemed to recollect something.

"I beg your parding, mem—might you be Miss Canterbury?"

"I am Miss Canterbury," Olive condescended to reply, though she considered the question, and the manner, too, somewhat impertinent.

The man placed himself in her way as she was walking on towards the library.

"Then, if you please, mem, will you step into this here parler? You are not to go in, mem."

Olive turned her lofty face upon him. He did not altogether like its air of command, and resumed with civility.

"Mem, Mrs. Kage told me that you was not to go in to Mr. Canterbury, should you happen to call, but was to be showed in here, and herself fetched down to you. She ordered it, mem, and I could not think of disobeying of her."

"Sir!" burst out Olive, "do you know to whom you speak? I am in my father's house. Stand aside!"

He stood aside, foolish and humble, and at that same moment the butler came forward.

"Neel," said she, in a calm tone, almost an indifferent one, "you had better tell that man who I am; he does not appear to understand, I think."

Neel, all astonishment, gazed at the new footman, whom he did not particularly favor, from head to foot; and turned to usher Miss Canterbury into his master's presence.

In passing through the hall, the door of one of the drawing-rooms was flung back, and the nurse came out, carrying the baby. Olive, unthinkingly, turned her head to look in. There, talking together face to face, stood Mrs. Canterbury and Thomas Kage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lunar Heat.

Lord Rosse has been measuring, says Once a Week, the heat that comes to us from the moon. Using one of his great reflecting telescopes as a burning mirror, he has condensed the moon's rays upon one of the most delicate of heat-guagers—a thermo-pile. Without being able to determine by what fraction of a Fahrenheit's degree the luner warmth increases the temperature of the terrestrial atmosphere, he has found, as an approximation, that the radiation from the moon is about the ninety-thousandth part of that from the sun. He conceives that the variation of heat from our satellite follows the same law as that of its light, viz.: that we have most warmth from the full moon, and least from the nearly new.

By comparison with the terrestrial source of heat, Lord Rosse estimates the actual temperature of the moon's surface at lunar midday to be about five hundred degrees Fahrenheit. This scorching results from the slow rotation of the moon, which makes its day equal to our month, and from the absence of any atmosphere to screen the lunar world. Years ago, Sir John Herschel, who has more than once proved himself a prophet by his sagacious inferences, remarked that "the surface of the full moon exposed to us must necessarily be very much heated, possibly to a degree very much exceeding that of boiling water." Fontenelle and his followers to the contrary notwithstanding, the moon can be no place for living beings, unless they be salamanders.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Tiffany, in a letter to the Methodist, says that Mr. Brigham Young, told him that Mormonism had drawn its followers more largely from the Methodists than from any other denomination. Bishop Kingsley, writing from Salt Lake City, says the Mormon preachers take no text, but preach about keeping up fences, the cultivation of the soil, the kind of houses to live in, the best way to get along independently of the Gentiles, and on political and secular subjects in general.

☞ A Nova Scotia road traverses the scene of "Evangeline," and the locomotives are to be named "Gabriel," "Gaspareau," "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "Minnehaha."

☞ Groomsmen and bridesmaids are going out of fashion at modern weddings, but half-a-dozen gentlemen ushers are still considered essential.

GOING WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, September 11, 1869.

Dear Post:—Returning from my recent visit to San Francisco, the steamer Yosemite bore me through the northern arm of *the* Bay *par excellence* into San Pablo Bay, thence through the Straits of Carquines into Suisun Bay, and onward to Sacramento through the waters of the Sacramento river. We moved off from the wharf at 4 o'clock, P. M., and perched upon the hurricane deck I watched the lovely waters and fast receding shore as our vessel ploughed its way along. A heavy mist clouded our view, denying us the glimpse of the Golden Gate we had hoped for, but we saw to admirable advantage the curious peak islands that had so charmed me when approaching the city, also the coast mountains, ranges of which skirt the entire series of Bays blending to our vision with the dreamy mists.

With the rays of the setting sun a peculiar glow pervaded the atmosphere, illumining with rich tints the waters and surrounding horizon. These unusual lights, together with the abundant mist and heavy fogs for some time prevalent, are said to be earthquake forerunners. By this time we are in view of Vallejo, with Mare Island close beside it to our left, while the grand old Mt. Diablo, the great landmark for many miles around, looms up through the mist to our right. Just beyond at Benecia, where is the government arsenal, was our principal stopping place. What a fascination there is in watching a vessel near the wharf! It is always a time of breathless interest to me when the rope is cast overboard, and as the "boys" haul it in I grow impatient until it is firmly secured and the vessel at rest.

It was past midnight when we reached Sacramento, and in my comfortable stateroom berth I slept until morning dawned. Then in the delicious, fresh morning air I set forth for the care of the "Central Pacific." Passing along through the streets I saw most superb fruit at the shop doors, such peaches, plums and grapes as even exceeded my San Francisco experience.

From Sacramento to Colfax a considerable portion of our route lay through the lovely Sacramento Valley. We had left San Francisco wrapped in winter garments, now we were oppressed with the heat. At Colfax we left the cars, and mounted the stage coach which was to carry us to Grass Valley. Miss Anna Dickinson and her brother, who had been previously pointed out to us in the car we occupied, were brought up and introduced to us, then joined us upon the top of the stage coach. We formed a pleasant party, and enjoyed quite a merry ride. Mr. Dickinson having once lived ten years in this state, is like most old residents, deeply attached to California, and is trying to convert his sister to at least a portion of his admiration. She, on her part, has taken rather a prejudice against the state, and professes herself unable to see much of anything here but dust. We had quite an animated discussion, "Old Block,"—who was also of the party on top of the stage coach,—Mr. Dickinson and I agreeing admirably in point of California enthusiasm, Miss Dickinson urging forward all the objections she could think of, and persistently maintaining her own grounds.

Now I must confess in this dry season the dust is pretty severe, yet amid the scenic grandeur of this wonderful land one soon learns to tolerate this trifling drawback to enjoyment. Upon this occasion the roads in our eleven miles ride seemed unusually dusty; and although the dust does not rise to the top of the stage coach in the heavy clouds that fill the interior, we were nevertheless pretty well covered with it.

A splendidly graded road leads over the hills from Colfax to Grass Valley. The road winds in the most graceful curves over the hillsides, which it sometimes completely terraces, so that as our coach moved swiftly along on the lower ridge, we could see the second coach just coming into sight on the one above. The effect was pleasing. It seems to me a work of art to guide the six horses of the stage coach over the steep road, round the abrupt curves sometimes on the very edge of a precipice overlooking a ravine many hundred feet below. And it looks not a little alarming when at one of these curves we have to draw aside to let some other vehicle pass, especially if it be one of the great lumbering baggage wagons called here "mountain steamboats." The road seems often very narrow, yet the skillful drivers manage to steer past without danger. I once asked "Bob Scott," the stage driver with whom I have driven most frequently, whether in case of an "upset" it would be most dangerous to be on top of the coach or inside. "Oh!" cried he, "I'd rather be on top, a body'd fall freer like."

Our route takes us along the Bear River, or rather the channel of yellow mud where Bear River flows when rain supplies it with water. A vast amount of gold has been taken from its bed, thus destroying the original purity and clearness of the water. Approaching Grass Valley township one is forcibly struck by the peculiarity of the face of the country. Here we see places where entire hillsides have been washed away in ransacking the gravel drifts for the gold they contain. A rich second growth of trees, pine, cedar, oak, etc., thickly interspersed with the manzanita, different varieties of shrub oak, chamise and other shrubs, replaces the forests that have been hewn down to give room for these surface mining operations. The attention of a stranger, too, is unavoidably attracted by the numerous elevated wooden aqueducts, or flumes, supported by tall posts. Water is carried from mountain reservoirs through these for mining and other purposes.

Besides these stage drives to and from Colfax, I have had many delightful carriage drives in and about Grass Valley. One of these, a distance of fifteen miles, led us through some surprisingly picturesque scenery. This was the drive along the Yuba pass, upon a road curving over the mountains like the one I have already described. Here grand mountain canons, startling gorges and ravines met our astonished gaze, while in some places we looked downward a distance of two thousand feet upon the spiral thread of gold called the Yuba river. Its waters, too, have been troubled in the search for gold. A fine description of this Yuba pass was given the readers of THE POST by Mrs. B. Z. Spencer when she visited this vicinity. I shall, therefore, forbear from further remarks upon it.

The first rain of the season last week, although lasting but a few hours, tended to lay the heaviest of the dust and render the roads for a few days in good driving condition. Embracing the opportunity, I drove with some of my friends about three miles to the top of Osborne Hill, celebrated for commanding an extensive view. The roughest kind of a road led through bushy groves up the hill. Toward the top the road became so entangled we were obliged to leave the carriage and complete our ascent upon foot. Mounting a tree stump, I saw unrolled before me a most glorious view. To the East rose aloft ridge after ridge of the mighty Sierra Nevadas, my vision being bounded by the snow-clad mountains of the summit range, a distance of fifty miles.

Great beds of snow lay scattered over the summit just as it had looked when upon the fourth of August I had a snow-balling frolic upon the peak, whose highest point I nearly reached upon horseback, having completed the ascent on foot, during a recent trip through the Sierra Nevadas. Then I had viewed the Sacramento Valley to the West from an altitude of 10,000 feet, even as I could now view it from Osborne Hill at an altitude of but 4,000 feet. From that lofty summit mountain, too, I had seen the beautiful Truckee meadow, as well as Donner Lake and many other scenes of entrancing loveliness. During that same mountain trip I had passed through the Truckee region following the banks of the river of the same name, to the source from whence it flows, Lake Tahoe, a magnificent sheet of water, 33 miles long by 15 wide, in the very lap of the summit range.

Upon Osborne Hill, whither you are supposed to have followed me, I turned reluctantly from this view of the Sierra Nevadas, which awakened so many delightful memories within me. Yet upon turning away, each other view that met my eye amply repaid me for the ascent. Before me to the west, as I said before, stretched the Sacramento Valley, yellow and brown now, where in the springtime it is green and refreshing, in its midst the Sacramento river skirted with its border of trees. Far away beyond, a distance of some 75 miles, were visible the abrupt peaks of the coast range.

Changing my position a few rods, I stood where to the North-West Grass Valley lay smiling before me. Right pleasant it looked from our elevation—the very reddish soil of the slope up which it extends, assuming a cheerful, friendly appearance. The entire site of Grass Valley has at one time or other felt the labor of the prospector, the very spots where now flourish splendid orchards, and lovely flower gardens have been rudely torn up and washed over in the search for gold.

In an early day California was regarded chiefly as a mining state, few realized that her climate and soil would prove such astonishing attractions. Now it is known that the agricultural capacities of this state, whose size is about four times that of the state of New York, are beyond compare, and besides its plentiful cereals, fruits of all climates and all seasons, can be produced here. The varieties of soil and climate in Nevada county alone are marvellous—while here in Grass Valley, figs and almonds are cultivated, as well as every variety of our Eastern fruits. And everything is so very large and fine. I had a pear, this morning, measuring between 13 and 14 inches in circumference; and a few days ago, I measured a peach that was 10 inches in circumference—one of a basketful sent from a neighboring yard. We are here at an altitude of 1,800 feet. Winter is never very cold here, I am told; and although the summer heat may be great in the middle of the day, the evenings and mornings are invariably cool and refreshing.

Grass Valley is far famed as the principal quartz-mining town in the state. The number of rich ledges that have been struck, and the quartz mines now worked, as well as those lying idle, owing to the high price of labor and other reasons, is almost beyond belief. It looks very odd to see the great heaps of waste rocks about the mills belonging to different mines. All this has been dug out of the mines, the gold extracted by the process in the mill, then turned out upon either side, forming heaps that are gradually assuming quite extensive proportions.

Formerly there were many thousand Indians, of the Digger Tribes, in Nevada county, now there remain scarcely one thousand—while in Grass Valley township not more than three hundred are left. Of these, several are in the habit of coming about the house where I am visiting. One of them, Indian Tom, pretty much lives in the wood-shed back of the house, gets his meals at the kitchen door, and quite considers himself one of the family. Tom is, as he often tells us himself, a "good Indian." Now Indian morality teaches that while it is virtue to rob an enemy, it is crime to steal, or otherwise injure the smallest trifle belonging to one *known* to be a friend. Tom being a "good Indian," and knowing the inmates of this house to be his friends, would not take so much as a pin belonging to any one here without first asking permission. The store-room back of the kitchen, where all the house provisions are kept, opens on the garden; and although the door stands unlocked, Tom has never been known to help himself. He is, in fact, like a watch dog for the family.

During the summer weather the mountain Indians hold a series of social gatherings at their different encampments, and Tom promised to let us know whenever there was one in the vicinity of Grass Valley. True to his word, he informed us recently that a great *fandango* was to take place at Storm's Ranch, an old and favorite camping ground. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and I will describe what we saw in my next letter.

☞ The great man-milliner of Paris—the eminent and pecunious Worth—was recently asked what trimmings should be put on a dress just finished. He answered, turning up his noble nose, "None whatever. It is only an 800 franc dress."

☞ Saw-dust pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted, if every individual would make his own saw-dust.

☞ A Connecticut man went to Ohio, fifty-nine years ago, in forty-seven days. Last week he returned in twenty-seven hours.

☞ A business firm in Fair Haven, Connecticut, have posted the following "notice" on the front of their iron safe: "All gentlemanly burglars are hereby notified that owing to the insecurity of this box no valuables are deposited therein, so please not disturb it."

☞ The New York Sun gives some interesting facts about the famous Forrest divorce suit. It seems that Mrs. Forrest has received but $4,000 out of the $60,000 alimony paid by Mr. Forrest. The rest has been absorbed in costs and counsel fees.

Ventilation.

We have now to describe one of the best and simplest modes of ventilating ordinary rooms with which we are acquainted. It is one equally applicable in winter as well as in summer, because all draught is avoided; for, even if a window be opened at the top, a downward draught is frequently felt, and in rainy weather it is often impossible to keep the window open. The present plan is applicable in all kinds of weather, and would be perfect if the ventilation could be effected nearer to the ceiling.

As it can be applied at an expense of a few cents, and as no unsightly appearance is made, it is equally applicable to the cottage and to the mansion. A piece of wood an inch or more in thickness, three inches wide, and exactly as long as the breadth of the window through which ventilation is to be established, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, and let the slip of wood be placed upon the side of the window; the sash is then to be drawn down closely upon the slip of wood. If the slip has been well fitted—and the fitting may be made more complete by adapting it to the grooves in the sash and its frame, if any exist—no draught will be experienced in consequence of the displacement of the sash at this part. The effect of such an arrangement is, however, to cause a separation between the bars of the sashes at the centre. By this means a perpendicular current of air will be projected into the room between the glass in the upper and lower sashes and their respective bars, or else the current will pass outwards in the reverse direction, in a manner by which all inconvenience from draught will be avoided.

Supposing that two or more windows at opposite sides of a room are fitted in this manner, a very satisfactory ventilation will be secured. Owing to a difference in its equilibrium, the air will rush in on one side and rush out on the other side of the apartment. If the slips of wood are painted of the same color as the windows themselves, they will attract little notice.

We cannot conclude the subject of ventilation without an appeal to clergymen, schoolmasters, and others, who are in positions of authority. Immense good may be done by impressing upon the minds of those over whom they are placed, the vital importance of breathing pure air. Especially should this be instilled into the young. It forms as yet no essential part of a liberal education, that a man should be taught to understand the conditions upon which he lives, or how he should best preserve his health. Such knowledge is certainly not less important than most of the instruction he receives. Yet all the knowledge which concerns his physical existence is left to be picked up by chance, or to be gained by experience—an experience sometimes only obtained by the sacrifice of health. The subtle causes which vitiate the air we breathe must, as we have seen, be sought out to be understood. And if this kind of knowledge is important to those who live in large and airy houses, how much more important is it to those who pass their lives in humble cottages, and in the closely-packed tenements of towns! How many headaches would be avoided, how many a pallid cheek would be tinged with the glow of health, how many drooping spirits would be roused to the enjoyment of life, how many sickly infants would be transformed into vigorous men and women, instead of being prematurely cut off by disease,—were the simple facts universally known and acted upon, that no kind of stimulant is so permanently enlivening, no food more strengthening, than a proper supply of fresh air in our houses.

It is a pleasant reflection, that within the present century, owing to many causes, but chiefly to the advancement of science, longevity has greatly increased in this country. We feel assured that a very considerable increase is still to be effected by a more widely spread knowledge of the principles and practice of ventilation.—*Good Health.*

☞ Amos Skeeter, a well-known resident of this city, and a fine singer, was instantly killed at the Tremont House, last night, by a stranger, who became angry at his attentions. He leaves a large family.—*Chicago Post.*

☞ Tom Moore, the poet, was not specially adored by the people who lived near his residence. A gentleman once driving near the poet's house got in conversation with an old lady, and asked her if she saw much of Tom Moore in her village when he was alive. "Tom Moore, sir? Oh, you mean Mr. Moore; *Mrs.* Moore was a very kind lady, but Mr. Moore used to write all sorts of varses about the moon and such things. He were no account."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2852 head. The prices realized from 8@8¼ cts ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 4@6 cts ₩ lb. 3100 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14.25 ₩ 100 lbs.

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oct2-4t

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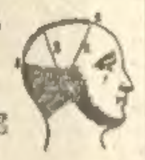

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Man of All Trades.

Gilbert Charles Stuart, the artist, was travelling in England in a stage coach with some gentlemen, who were strangers to him, but all were sociable and lively. The party stopped to dine at an inn, and after dinner, the conversation being animated and various, Stuart became conspicuous in it, not only for his wit and humor, but for his correct judgment, rapid thought, and apt phrases. The curiosity of his companions was aroused, and with Yankee-like inquisitiveness they desired to know *who* and *what* he was.

Mr. Stuart, with a grave face, and in a serious tone of voice, replied that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair.

"O! you are a hair-dresser, then?" returned one of the company, with a somewhat derogatory stare.

"What! do I look like a barber?" demanded the *incognito* artist, sternly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the subdued cockney, "but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to inquire what you are, then?"

"Why, sometimes I brush a gentleman's coat or hat and adjust his cravat."

"O! you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?"

"A valet!" retorted Stuart, with mock indignation; "indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"Ah! you are a tailor?"

"Tailor! do you take me for a tailor? I'll assure you I never handled a goose other than a roasted one."

By this time the joke was beginning to be fully appreciated, and the whole company were in a roar of laughter.

"What in the world are you, then?" demanded another gentleman, taking up the office of interlocutor.

"I will tell you," said Stuart, with great apparent sincerity; "be assured all I have told you is strictly true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust cravats, and make coats, waistcoats and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes *at your service!*"

"Oho! a boot and shoe maker after all!" contemptuously returned the questioner.

"Guess again, gentlemen," continued Stuart, good-humoredly. "I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing; it is of no use."

The fun-loving painter, checking his own laughter, which was on the point of bursting forth, and stimulating a fresh flow of spirits by a huge pinch of snuff, said, gravely, as if bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion—

"Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession—I get my bread by *making faces.*"

He then screwed up his countenance and twisted his features in a manner the most skillful clown might have envied.

When the loud peals of laughter had subsided, the company with one accord declared that they "had all the while suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre;" they all "knew he must be a comedian by profession." But when Stuart coolly informed them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely inside of a playhouse, their chagrin and astonishment equalled their previous merriment.

"Gentlemen," said Stuart, to his companions, as he was about to leave them, "you will find all I have said in regard to my various employments is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait painter. If you will call upon me at York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *a la mode*, supply you, if you need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and *make faces* for you."

While taking a parting glass at the inn, the gentlemen begged leave to inquire of the artist in what part of England he was born. He told them he was not born in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

"Where then?" persisted the English Yankees.

"I was born in Narragansett," replied Stuart.

"And where is that?"

"Six miles from Pottawoone, and ten from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Connecticut, and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought," was the instant reply.

"In what part of the East Indies is that, sir?" inquired a pompous Englishman.

"East Indies, my dear sir! It is in the State of Rhode Island, between Massachusetts and the Connecticut River."

And with this novel lesson in geography, Gilbert Stuart took leave of his travelling companions.

A Very Obtuse Witness.

Pat Fogerty went all the way from Manchester to London to thrash Mick Fitzpatrick, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horseshoe." He was detected and brought before a justice. A part of the examination is annexed:—

Court—"Well, sir, you came from Manchester, did you?"

Pat—"Your honor has answered correct."

Court—"You see the complainant's head; it was cut with a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?"

Pat—"Ain't your honor after saying a sharp instrument did?"

Court—(becoming restive)—"I see you mean to equivocate. Now, sir, *you* cut that head; you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?"

Pat—"The locomotive, sir!"

Court—(waxing warm)—"Equivocating again, you scoundrel; (raising up the horseshoe and holding it before Pat) do you see this horseshoe, sir!"

Pat—"Is it a horseshoe, your honor?"

Court—"Don't you *see* it is, sir? Are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horseshoe?"

Pat—"Bedad, no, your honor."

Court—(angrily)—"*No.*"

Pat—"No, your honor; but can yourself tell?"

Court—"Of course I can, you stupid Irishman."

Pat—(soliloquizing aloud)—"Oh! glory be to goodness, see what education is, your honor; sure a poor ignorant creature like myself wouldn't know a horse shoe from a mare's."

VERY OBLIGING.

DOCTOR.—"Will you put out your tongue, my little man?"
CHILD OF OBLIGING DISPOSITION.—"Yes—and do *this*, too, if you like."

Would Like to Hear Some Music.

An old farmer, residing in one of the rural districts of the West, having occasion to transact business in a city about twenty miles distant, took with him one of his daughters as a companion for the trip, and also to show her a little of the world. Upon his arrival in the city, not finding the lawyer of whom he was in quest at his office, he went to his residence, a few blocks distant. The lady of the house very kindly offered to take charge of and entertain his daughter during the temporary absence of the father with her husband. The young lady's curiosity was thoroughly aroused by the rich and tasteful appointments of the house, she having been accustomed all her life so only the plainest kind of household "fixins." She went from one article to another, expressing unbounded pleasure in viewing the elegance and beauty of the furniture. Suddenly stopping before the piano, she exclaimed—

"What's that thing?"

"A pianoforte," said the lady.

"What do you do with it?"

"Play upon it."

"And what's them things?" pointing to the key-board.

"Those are the keys," was the reply.

"Keys? What do you want with them?"

"They are the keys of the instrument. Do you want to hear me play?"

The girl bobbed her head in affirmation, and the lady sat down and executed a very brilliant opera piece. When she had concluded, she wheeled round on the music stool, expecting to see a countenance radiant with admiration and delight, instead of which she met one that betrayed only impatience and irritation.

"What do you think of that?" she asked.

"Think?" blurted out the rustic damsel. "I think you've been fooling with them keys long enough. I wish you'd hurry and unlock the blamed thing; *I want to hear some music.*"

THE LITTLE MAIDEN.

Who waits and watches at the door,
Sighing, "He said he'd come at four,
And now it's at half-past or more?"
Your patient little maiden.

Who runs to meet you when you come,
Kisses your wise excuses dumb,
Queen, crowned with red geranium?
Your happy little maiden.

Who, keeping with such careful art,
Her lips from all but you apart,
Kisses you, ah me, in her heart?
Your faithful little maiden.

Who holds you among all the rest,
Of men proved good from East to West,
The strongest, truest, bravest, best?
Your loving little maiden.

Who asks for nothing old or new,
Who cares for no man false or true,
But only, only, only You?
Your precious little maiden.

The Story of a Horseshoe.

This is a simple legend. A good countryman was taking a rural walk with his son Thomas. As they walked slowly along, the father suddenly stopped.

"Look!" he said, "there's a bit of iron, a piece of a horseshoe; pick it up, and put it in your pocket."

"Pooh!" answered the child; "it's not worth stopping for."

The father, without uttering another word, picked up the iron, and put it in his pocket. When they came to a village, he entered the blacksmith's shop and sold it for three farthings. With that sum he bought some cherries. Then the father and son set off again on their ramble. The sun was burning hot, and neither a house, tree nor fountain of water was in sight. Thomas soon complained of being tired, and had some difficulty in following his father, who walked on with a firm step. Perceiving that his boy was tired, the father let fall a cherry, as if by accident. Thomas stooped and quickly picked it up, and devoured it. A little farther he dropped another, and the boy picked it up as eagerly as ever; and thus they continued, the father dropping the fruit, and the son picking them up. When the last one was eaten, the father stopped, and turning to the boy, said:

"Look, my son! If you had chosen to stoop once and pick up a piece of horseshoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries."

☞ It is doubtful if any man could by possibility do his noblest, or think his deepest, without a preparation of suffering.

☞ The last words of a French athlete were: "Oh, death, if you were a man, what short work I'd make of you."

ASPIRATIONS.

Our aims are all too high; we try
To gain the summit at a bound,
When we should reach it step by step,
And climb the ladder round by round.
He who would climb the height sublime,
Or breathe the purer air of life,
Must not expect to raise in ease,
But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek
To grasp alone for grand and great,
Disdaining every smaller good,
For trifles make the aggregate.
And if a cloud should hover o'er
Our weary pathway like a pall,
Remember God permits it there,
And His good purpose reigns o'er all.

☞ Don't care much about the bugs," said Mr. Swinks, "but the truth is, I have not got the blood to spare."

AGRICULTURAL.

A Warning to Young Book Farmers.

We took occasion, in a recent number, to say that certain works of the imagination, depicting the delightful independence and the solid prosperity of certain new beginners in farming and gardening pursuits, were not, in our opinion, good books. Since our former notice was written, we have read again, with much care, the "Farming by Inches" to which we then alluded; and we are so strongly impressed by it, that we should be doing less than our duty did we not again advise our younger readers not to be led astray by its apparent genuineness.

It is not impossible that everything stated in this book might actually transpire, but it is so far from being probable, that we risk nothing in saying that it is, in the main, untrue. A man and his wife, with no previous knowledge of farming, go into the country in the spring, take possession of an inherited place of only three acres, buy some books and plenty of manure, hire very little assistance, and, by dint of natural shrewdness and hard reading (mainly of a seedsman's advertising catalogue), make money enough to pay all their living expenses, all the cost of carrying on their business, and a good interest on their investment. On its face,—and probably in the intention of its author,—the story is a simple pastoral tale of the most unobjectionable tendency. If it were true, in all its particulars, it would be valuable, for the reason that what one man has done, another may fairly hope to do. If it were a very probable story, it would be valuable as an encouragement to beginners in farming.

It is neither true nor probable. Humanly speaking, it is not possible. Therefore, it is altogether bad, and, if read at all, it should be read with the understanding that the moral it attempts to point does not exist. It is a story of almost uninterrupted successes. A true record of the first year's experience of any tyro in agriculture would be, in almost every instance, a story of disappointment, failure, hard work, and sunken money. As in every other career, the school of experience is a dear and a hard school to learn in; and he who takes one acre or a hundred for his practising ground—if he has not learned his trade in advance—will, before his first year is over, need all his heroism to carry him through with a stout heart.

We believe that there is hardly a limit to the possibilities of farming and gardening. One who understands his business, who has sufficient capital for his operations, a good soil, a good situation, and plenty of manure at command, may hope for a very large reward for his labor and superintendence. We rejoice, therefore, when we see any man or woman turning from other pursuits with the intention of making agriculture or horticulture a career. Only when we see them go headforemost into the thing,—undertaking a difficult trade without learning it, and seeking to get in a month the knowledge that a year cannot give,—do we shudder at the thought of the bitter things in store for them.

As a rule,—a rule that has few exceptions,—they will loose much more than a year's living expenses, and will learn much less than they could learn as working hands in the employ of a good farmer. If you, reader, want to become a farmer, or a florist, or a market gardener, take our advice:—Buy as many of the best books on the subject as you can find time to read, and hire out as an irregular hand, with the best man you can find who is doing, practically, what you have made up your mind to do. Work for dear life, read, listen, and watch all that is going on; at the end of your year you will be able to start judiciously and well. You will have saved money, you will have saved time, and you will have gained information that five years of ignorant and expensive blundering could not have given you. There is no royal road to good farming,—except the road through royal hard thinking, and working, and waiting.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Stick in His Throat.

A friend of mine had a horse that was sick and after doctoring him a long time without any improvement, the veterinary surgeon told the owner he had better take him to Mr. Johnston. He did so, and Mr. J. gave him a ball, but the horse could not swallow it, and he put his hand into his mouth to see what was the matter, and found a short piece of stick in his throat, which he pulled out, and the horse soon got well. Since then he has known of five similar cases in his own experience. Once he drove a favorite mare from his farm near Geneva to the State Fair at Auburn, and noticed that she did not seem very well. When he started to come home, three days afterwards, the mare looked very gaunt, and was not as lively as usual. Coming to a watering trough on the side of the road, he drove up to it, and the mare tried to drink, but seemed to swallow with difficulty, and let some of the water run out of her mouth. "That's the matter, is it?" said Mr. J., to himself, and immediately jumped out of the buggy, took of his coat, rolled up the sleeve of his right arm, took hold of the mare's tongue with his left hand and held it firm between her jaws, put his right hand down her throat, and *took out the stick.*

Sometime afterwards, a farmer asked him to go to his house and look at a horse that was sick. Mr. J. asked him what was the matter. "Does he eat well?" "He seems to want to eat," he replied, "as much as ever, but when he takes his oats into his mouth, he lets them fall out again." "Well," said Mr. J., "I am not very well or I would go with you, but do you go home and take hold of the horse's tongue with your left hand, and thrust your right hand down his mouth, and just at the beginning of the throat you will find a stick." The man stared at him as though he thought he was crazy. But he went home, did as Mr. J. told him, and, sure enough, there was the stick!—*American Agriculturist.*

Difference in the Quality of Eggs.

The Journal of Agriculture says, though most farmers keep fowls and raise their own eggs, there are many who have not learned the difference there is in the richness and flavor of eggs produced by well fed hens, and those from birds that have been half starved through our winters. There will be some difference in the size, but far more in the quality. The yolk of one would be large, fine colored and of good substance, and the albumen, or white, clear and pure; while the contents of the other will be watery and meagre, as in the parent fowl, to properly carry out and complete the work nature had sketched. In order, therefore, to have good eggs, the fowl should be well fed, and also provided during the months they are unable to come to the ground, with a box containing an abundance of fine gravel, that they may be able to grind and prepare their food for digestion. Of eggs, those from the domestic hen are decidedly the best, but those of ducks and geese may be used for some of the purposes of domestic cookery.

Wheat Turned to Chess.

A writer to the Dixie Farmer vouches that a person in his neighborhood has exhibited this season, wheat and chess growing from the same root. The bunch or stool on exhibition was carefully taken up, and all the soil washed from the roots, so as to give every one that examines, the opportunity of judging for himself. The stool, or bunch, consists of six stalks—three of them wheat, and three chess—all of them tolerably well-developed. No one that has seen this stool, or those exhibited by the same friend last summer, has a remaining doubt of the assertion that, under certain circumstances, wheat frequently turns to chess.

RECEIPTS.

MUTTON CUTLETS PANEES.—Trim your cutlets neatly and remove all the fat; set them in melted butter, lukewarm, with pepper and salt; dip each into beaten yolks of eggs, and then in bread crumbs; do this twice to make as many crumbs adhere to the cutlets as possible; then broil them on a gridiron over a quick clear fire for ten minutes; dress them on your dish in a crown, and serve them either plain or with sauce maitre d'hotel. Another method is to dip each cutlet into the boiling pot au feu, holding the cutlets by the bone on the side where the fat rises, panee them instantly and grill as above.

MUSHROOM CATCHUP.—Sprinkle mushroom flaps, gathered in September, with common salt, stir them occasionally for two or three days; then lightly squeeze out the juice, and add to each gallon bruised cloves and mustard-seed, of each, half an ounce; bruised allspice, black pepper, and ginger, of each, one ounce; gently heat to the boiling point in a covered vessel, macerate for fourteen days, and strain; should it exhibit any indications of change in a few weeks, bring it again to the boiling point, with a little more spice.

TOMATO MARMALADE.—Take ripe tomatoes in the height of the season; weigh them, and to every pound of tomatoes allow one pound of sugar. Put the tomatoes into a large pan or a small tub, and scald them with boiling water, so as to make the skin peel off easily. When you have removed the skins, put the tomatoes into a preserving-kettle and add the sugar, with one ounce of powdered ginger to every three pounds of fruit, and the juice of two lemons, the grated rind of three. Stir up the whole together, and set it over a moderate fire. Boil it gently for two or three hours, till the whole becomes a thick, smooth mass, skimming it well, and stirring it to the bottom after every skimming. When done, put it warm into jars and cover tightly. This will be found a very fine sweetmeat.

CRAY SAUCE FOR ROAST BEEF.—Grate some horseradish very fine, to which add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, some salt and mustard; add cream in discretion; all to be well mixed to about the thickness and consistency of well-made bread sauce.

POTATO PUDDING.—One pound of sugar, one of butter, ten eggs, one pound and a half of potato mashed very fine, one gill of cream, half a nutmeg; flavor with cinnamon, brandy, wine, or rose-water. Bake in a rich puff paste, in a quick oven.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 9, 21, 4, 16, 47, was used in Jewish offerings.
My 15, 33, 7, 53, 35, 10, 18, was an ancient city.
My, 18, 36, 41, 46, 45, 53, 8, was an ancient tribe.
My 20, 33, 15, 42, 3, 39, was used in Jewish houses.
My 26, 36, 23, 10, 14, was used in vineyards.
My 28, 10, 12, 27, 38, 50, 46, 42, 1, was a town of Palestine.
My 29, 32, 46, 21, 27, was an officer in David's army.
My 30, 6, 18, 21, 49, 25, 7, 16, 44, was an Egyptian city.
My 31, 16, 11, 52, 34, 44, 19, was a city of Palestine.
My 33, 5, 12, 24, 34, 6, was a province of Syria.
My 37, 43, 48, 54, 22, is denounced in the Bible.
My 38, 40, 2, 17, 27, 34, 51, 10, 43, was a ruler of the synagogue.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.
Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Riddle.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Omit my first and I denote things or persons separately considered.
My 1, 2, 3, is a vegetable.
My 4, 5, 3, 1, is a youngster of the genus masculine.
My 3, 1, 2, is an animal.
My 4, 3, 1, is worn on the head.
My 4, 5, 2, 3, 1, is a term applied to something common, or of small value.
My whole is a delicious fruit, now in season. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Problem.

Required—the volume of the largest cone which can be inscribed in a sphere whose diameter is just 24 inches.
WILLIAM HOOVER.
Smithville, Wayne Co., O.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

During the late war, three towns A, B, and C, are to furnish 594 men as their complement; the division to be made in proportion to the population. Now the population of A is to that of B as 3 to 5; whilst the population of B is to that of C as 8 to 7. How many men must each town furnish?
W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

There are two numbers whose product is 77, and *the difference of whose squares* is to the *square of their* difference as 9: 2. Required—the numbers. WILL.
Miami Station, Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ How much does a fool weigh generally? Ans.—A simple ton.

☞ What part of a ship is good for youngsters? Ans.—The spanker.

☞ What roof covers the most noisy tenant? Ans.—The roof of the mouth.

☞ Why is the horse the most human of all animals? Ans.—He freely gives the bit out of his mouth, and listens to every woe.

☞ Why is the Emperor of Russia like a workhouse boy? Ans.—He feels Hungary, and wants a slice of Turkey.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Patriotism, when rightly understood,
Is that warm feeling for our neighbor's good."—*McHenry's Pleasures of Friendship, part I., verse 20.*

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 3rd—4½ miles per hour.—W. H. Morrow, J. B. Sanders, W. J. Barrett.

Answers to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of July 17th—$60 per acre.—D. Diefenbach, J. S. Phebus. $54, 52cts., 2 m., plus per acre.—W. J. Barrett.

Answers to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of same date—265.—F. M. Priest. 266.14 plus—J. S. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 24th—A had $960 at 5 per cent., and B had $1,440 at 4 per cent.—W. H. Morrow, W. J. Barrett.

STEWED PEARS.—Pare and halve or quarter a dozen pears, according to their size; carefully remove the cores, but leave the skins on. Place them in a clean baking-jar, with a closely-fitting lid; add to them the rind of one lemon, cut in strips, and the juice of a half a lemon, six cloves, and whole allspice, according to discretion. Put in just enough water to cover the whole, and allow half a pound of loaf-sugar to every pint. Cover down close, and bake in a very cool oven for five hours, or stew them very gently in a lined saucepan from three to four hours. When done, lift them out on a glass dish without breaking them; boil up the syrup quickly for two or three minutes; let it cool a little, and pour it over the pears. A little cochineal greatly enhances the appearance of the fruit; you may add a few drops of prepared cochineal; and a little port-wine is often used, and much improves the flavor.

JELLY OF SIBERIAN CRABS.—Take off the stalks, weigh and wash the crabs. To each one and a half pounds, add one pint of water. Boil them gently until broken, but do not allow them to fall to a pulp. Pour the whole through a jelly-bag, and when the juice is quite transparent, weigh it; put it into a clean preserving-pan, boil it quickly for ten minutes, then add ten ounces of fine sugar to each pound of juice; boil it from twelve to fifteen minutes, skim it very clean, and pour into moulds.

QUINCES FOR THE TEA-TABLE.—Bake ripe quinces thoroughly; when cold, strip off the skins, place them in a glass dish, and sprinkle with white sugar, and serve them with cream. They make a fine-looking dish for the tea-table, and a more luscious and inexpensive one than the same fruit made into sweetmeats. Those who once taste the fruit thus prepared, will probably desire to store away a few bushels in the fall to use in the above manner.